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Looking Forward

NOW THAT Fleta Campbell Springer's biography of Mary Baker Eddy begins to draw to a close, we are glad to announce that we will give our readers a pleasant surprise soon after the beginning of the New Year in the form of the life story of a hitherto unknown man, now living, whose experiences constitute a most enthralling personal human document, with distinct and dramatic social implications.

AT THE present moment, one of our editors is in the country laboring upon this manuscript so that it will be ready for publication in the magazine soon after the present serial is ended. In our humble opinion each installment will provide a full evening's discussion for those families to whom the Outlook and Independent goes. Of this, more later, at the proper time.

MEANWHILE, what shall we say of the coming year? The business prospect, the amateur sports situation, the new status of music in America, the progress of the new psychology in education and religion, the mirage of tax reduction—all these subjects are under discussion by our contributors at the present moment, along with the relation between prosperity and political parties, the experiments made by other countries with regular industrial conferences, the progress of the prohibition experiment, and more than a dozen of the varied activities and personalities which go to make up our modern life. And all this is but a cross-section of the next few weeks.

THE TRUTH IS that to get a full view of what will actually appear in our pages during the coming year would require nearly an issue of the magazine itself. Nothing is more varied than a magazine in the making, nor so difficult to describe. Of one thing we are sure. If everybody likes the result as much as we enjoy the anticipation, the next fifty-two issues will be interesting ones for all concerned.

A Merry Christmas from the Outlook and Independent to its readers.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

THE CLINCH

A lithograph by Mabel Dwight

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Outlook
and Independent
December 25, 1929

Our Lady Censors

By CREIGHTON PEET

The Hollywood movie barons have their troubles, too. Life is not wholly glittering parties and fabulous pay checks. There are, for instance, the lady censors—who like adventurous films but insist that the treatment be wholesome and moral. Mr. Peet, a motion picture critic and magazine writer, tells of the lady censors; and others. The perplexities have been vastly increased by the advent of the talkies

AMONG ALL the subjects upon which the censor lavishes his handiwork, the movies suffer the most; not so much from the actual elimination of essentially trivial "damns," "hells" and bedroom scenes by state and city boards, as from too much motherly care and too many stultifying prenatal cautions from the dozens of unofficial reviewing organizations with which our country is blessed. These committees have no legal right to cut a film, but their suggestions are almost invariably followed to the letter by the producers. The fact is that our women's clubs, by mere suggestion, probably achieve more changes in the films which you and I see in our theatres than all the state boards put together.

There are but six state censor boards and about thirty-two city censor boards in this country; and many of these "cities" are so small you never heard of them. There is, as yet, no Federal censorship in this country, although Canon Chase, ladies of the W. C. T. U. and many other worthies are working valiantly for "Federal regulation" of films before they are made. Should such a bill pass Congress it would doubtless also provide for the "regulation" of magazines, books, plays, radio hours, etc.

Another thing influencing the film maker is the fact that we have in America a democracy in the most dreadful sense of the term—one in which every man and woman of our one hundred and eighteen million citizens has a perfect right to complain about anything he or she does not like on the screen—and usually it is she.

Since the arrival of the talkies motion picture censorship has incurred many new perplexities. Even the most casual observer can hardly have escaped a realization of the fact that strange growing pains are making themselves felt in the little movie show. The infant industry may still be a dreadful and dreaded imbecile most of the time, but it is showing definite signs of growing up. It is learning the facts of life. It does not always end in a clinch and its heroines are no longer necessarily golden haired and virginal.

It is now possible to have characters say many things in rapid conversation which could not have been shown either in action or in unmistakable subtitles of black and white. Considerable ingenuity has been expended in smuggling obscene or profane implications into a number of recent films. For instance, one character says to another, "Didja hear the story about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter. . . .?" and then whispers the details in the other character's ear. If the audience knows the story, is watching the faces, and hears the tones of their voices, the anecdote is as good as told—but nothing censorable has been said, no innocent present has anything to complain of.

In his book *The Art of Sound Pictures,* Dr. Walter B. Pitkin of Columbia University, who spent the past summer in Hollywood, develops another idea. He points out that movie audiences read and hear very slowly. Just as subtitles had to remain on the screen quite a long time, so dialogue has to be very slow to be universally understood. Consequently, in the matter of censorable material it is easy to slur over a situation which, if described in an unmistakable subtitle, would be objectionable. Furthermore, he says, "The ear is more moral than the eye"—in other words, speech is not as instantly stimulating as vision. Again, it might be pointed out that a picture is self-explanatory and immediately understood, whereas a dialogue demands a certain amount of mental labor on the part of the spectator before its full meaning is understood—and some audiences don't like labor.

More important changes than these have made themselves felt in the past year. It is now possible to have stories dealing with mature subjects which would hitherto have been completely taboo on the screen. A partial list of such pictures would include *The Trial of Mary Dugan, The Letter, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The Lady Lies, Paris Bound,* and *Drag,* which suggested that a legal wife may sometimes be a curse instead of a blessing.

AMONG the new factors which must be considered by the reviewing bodies when they pass on the talkies is the mechanical difficulty of making eliminations from dialogue pictures. The reason is that the speech is usually on wax discs. Even Fox, the first advocate of the sound-on-film movietone, is sending out many productions re-

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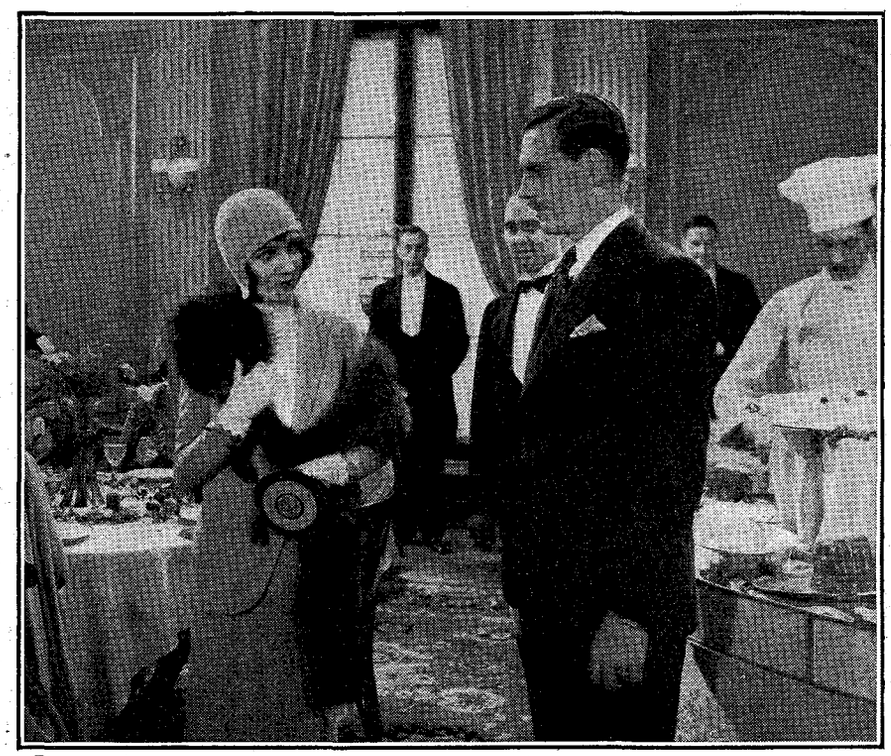
recorded on wax discs. And most boards have admittedly been a little more liberal since the talkies arrived.

Another and much more subtle force working in favor of mature stories in the talkies is the fact that while they may be sinful and "point a strong moral," they are frequently exact reproductions of smooth, well-knit and disconcertingly convincing stage plays. Furthermore, they are often acted by stars of the legitimate stage and are frequently written by almost "classical" playwrights.

It is easy for a censor or a woman's club to complain of the scene wherein Delilah Delish is seen living in more or less noisy and flamboyant sin with Rollo Oates in their big Super-Epic. The thing is raucous, absurd and insulting anyway. An investigation might show that many a censor's eliminations were made out of sheer revenge for the asininities of the average picture. (Remember, censors customarily see about 8,000,000 feet of film a year.)



Paramount

A Scene from "The Lady Lies"

But when it comes to the performances of late Jeanne Eagles in *The Letter,* of Claudette Colbert in *The Lady Lies* or of Norma Shearer in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney,* the thing commands more respect. The censors feel rather abashed when faced with the problem of stamping all over well-written dialogue. They still do it, of course —a few of George Arliss's speeches in *The Green Goddess* have been cut short in Boston, and the final line "She'd probably have been a damned nuisance anyway," was only allowed to remain in when the Warners promised to turn down the current in the loud-speaker while "damned" was being uttered by the reprehensible Mr. Arliss.

While Hollywood has always used Broadway plays, they have seldom been recognizable heretofore. Today they are frequently used intact. The film *The Trial of Mary Dugan* differed from the stage play by but four words (all profane). A well-done piece of work inspires respect. When it comes to altering Lonsdale or Maugham it is different. "They may point a wrong moral," as one club lady expressed it, "but they are so—so cultured and refined."

Official motion picture censorship is accomplished by state boards in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, Maryland and Virginia. Florida has legal provision for a board but no appropriation, so the rulings of the National Board of Review, an unofficial reviewing committee, are followed. This censorship applies to speech as well as pictures for while there are no specific statutes covering dialogue, all boards are now eliminating lines they consider objectionable. Such action has already been upheld by courts in Pennsylvania and Ohio.

State censor boards are usually appointed by the governor and the reviewers are usually women, ex-school teachers. One very distinguished exception to this rule is the board in Quebec which consists of three gentlemen all over seventy, one of whom is a French marquis and understands little English. This is said to be the most severe board in America.

The New York board has legal instructions to license for exhibition all films except those which they believe contain material which is "obscene, indecent, immoral, sacrilegious, or of such a character that its exhibition would tend to corrupt morals or incite to crime."

One of the things which keeps movie companies endlessly distracted is the fact that censor boards seldom agree on what is harmful for the public welfare. *Married in Hollywood,* a film operetta is an instance. Philadelphia ordered out all mob scenes and those showing the wrecking of the palace. Ohio ordered out a sequence showing the prince leaving an apartment at dawn and waving to a lady in a window. Chicago overlooked both of these portions and ordered out a bit of dialogue considered too frisky.

Chicago, by the way, is pretty severe when it comes to censoring pictures dealing with gunmen. They're sensitive, out in the Windy City. For a time *Alibi* was forbidden entirely. Sex also worries them. Robert Benchley's *Sex Life of the Polyp* was not allowed at all. Boston, unbelievable as it may sound, has no censorship at all unless the picture is shown on Sunday—but as all films *are* shown on Sunday they are all censored.

Furthermore, it must be remembered that any town, village or community may have its films cut by the local police or judiciary. Many a small politician has added cubits to his stature, purity to his soul and reelection to his credit by "cleaning up" the local movies.

To the enemies of censorship it may be interesting to hear that the name of "censor" has now become so despised that very few people are any longer willing to be seen in its company. Even the state censorship boards are really, they point out, not censors, but "review and licensing boards." Even those unofficial groups most anxious to cut and patch are quick to call themselves harmless "reviewers."

It is easy to say that some of the Hollywood producers were once pants pressers, that they do not understand the finer things of life as you and I

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see them, and that the saccharine and silly epics with which we have been showered are entirely their fault. But then, perhaps they are not.

To begin with, the basis of all drama is conflict, physical, psychological or spiritual conflict. In nearly every case it is necessary to have a "villain." At any rate, the results usually make one of the contenders appear in a very bad light before the audience. The feminine contingent is continually trying to iron out "unpleasant" or "immoral" scenes, and an "immoral" scene according to some club-ladies is one showing a thief escaping from justice. The ladies want adventure and thrills of course, but they want them all wholesome and quite moral. They want nothing "negative," nasty or unpleasant. A "negative" story seems to be one which has a cynical twist or makes an unfavorable comment on life as a whole.

By the way, who is going to play villain in this highly sanitary drama? Practically every nation on earth has complained at one time or another that some film has showed its countrymen in the rôle of a scoundrel; and Hollywood listens to complaints. Very well, suppose the bad man is an American—a garage mechanic, an insurance agent, a physician or a storekeeper. His villainy will doubtless be involved with his trade, and will bring showers of protesting letters from all over the country. We do have wicked brokers and immoral artists, of course, for that is the movie tradition, but the vast majority of our recent villains have been either gangsters or else their trades have not been defined at all. They have simply been movie characters coming out of the nowhere and returning (fortunately) back to the nowhere. Gangsters seem to be the only people left in America who have no press agents.

Well, suppose your "villain" is a material object. Do you think material things have no friends? In a recent film a steel bridge was seen to collapse most realistically on the screen. Pretty soon a number of steel manufacturers wrote in and pointed out that "there is no thing as bad steel."

In *The Big Parade* of some years ago one of the characters was shown in a trench trying to make a cigarette lighter tune up. When it refused to work he threw it away. Every single manufacturer of cigarette lighters wrote in and scolded the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company.

Warner Bros.

Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool"

In many cases, the film companies ignore these complaints, but not infrequently they discover, to their amazement, that they are either "persecuting" or "publicising" some cause of which they are quite ignorant.

Recently Robert Benchley made a short humorous two-reel sketch called *Furnace Trouble* which showed that gentleman as one of a bridge foursome who goes down several times during the evening to fix the furnace. Every time he returned he was covered with an increasing number of sooty smudges and smears.

When shown in Pittsburgh the company received an indignant letter from the Anthracite Coal Producers Association asking why it was persecuting an already harassed industry. The intimation was that Mr. Benchley was undermining the coal industry, and was in league with the oil-burner manufacturers. After a series of discussions Fox withdrew the film and agreed never to show it publicly again. This was not all. Some days later the producers were approached by the Gas Association who wanted the film to show at its annual convention. Incidentally, the Gas Association congratulated Mr. Fox for "doing a great favor to the heat industry by coming out in favor of gas."

Within the past year the pool and billiard table manufacturers have complained that when the movies want to indicate that a man has degenerated they show him playing pool. "Pool is a fine game and is played by some of our most respectable citizens. . . " the manufacturers point out.

But there is another more subtle, more drastic and occasionally more devastating form of censorship—"precensorship" we might call it. Actually it is not censorship at all. The changes come as a result of the "cooperative and constructive suggestions" of the better films committees of women's clubs from all over the country. These committees, through representatives in Hollywood, scrutinize and comment on the stories being made into films before and during the time they are being shot. Obviously, if the women of the country are going to object to a sequence it is cheaper to leave it out at the start.

The Will Hays office has in its employ a smooth and polished gentleman, Colonel Jason S. Joy, residing in Hollywood, whose sole duty it is to placate and pacify club ladies, mothers' leagues and others concerned with what Johnny and Susie are seeing in the local movies after school.

Film companies also have official

(Please Turn to Page 678)

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Again the Sarre Basin!

By T. R. YBARRA

NO MATTER in what direction he may look, Foreign Minister Curtius of the German Republic, the man now trying to negotiate the arduous job of filling the shoes of the late Gustav Stresemann, sees nothing but steep and thorny paths leading to distant and seemingly unattainable goals. And not the least difficult task confronting him is the solution of the problem of the Sarre Basin, which for the past few weeks has been very much in the limelight again.

Under the expert guidance of Gustav Stresemann, acting for Germany, and Aristide Briand, representing France, the Sarre question, like so many others pending between France and Germany, did not seem quite so much like an insoluble cross-word puzzle as it has of late. Among all the Damon-and-Pythias "stunts" in international politics, that of Briand and Stresemann is almost unique for sweetness and light; in the midst of the gravest divergences of opinion between their respective countries, beset on every side by the animosities engendered by the War, which threatened to poison post-war Franco-German relations, they always managed somehow to draw off into a corner, put their heads together and, amid amicable smiles and cordial handshakes, drag their reluctant fellow-countrymen into still another conference and still another agreement.

So it was at Thoiry, when they slunk away from Geneva for their little hands-across-the-Rhine breakfast; so it was a few weeks ago at The Hague, when even Philip Snowden, with his sudden snarling onslaught on European friendliness, could not pry the French Damon and the German Pythias apart. While Snowden snarled, while friend and foe lined up for or against him, Briand and Stresemann put their heads together and said: "Let's get the Sarre problem out of the way!"

THE UPSHOT was the agreement whereby France and Germany, instead of waiting until **1935**—when, by the terms of the Versailles Treaty, the question of whether the Sarre should be German or French was to be submitted to a plebiscite of its inhabitants—decided to let that much-coveted region be German, provided an arrangement satisfactory to France were made regarding its coal mines and certain tariff matters. Soon after this Briand-Stresemann compromise Stresemann died. His death, it appears, may have considerably complicated the Sarre problem.

The recently initiated negotiations had for their main object the future status of the Sarre coal mines. When the War ended with the victory of the Allies, many Frenchmen (including André Tardieu, now French Premier) clamored for the annexation of the Sarre to France. They were overruled, however; the region was placed under the control of the League of Nations, with the stipulation that, after fifteen years, the inhabitants were to decide in the above-mentioned a plebiscite whether they wished to form part of France or Germany. For a long time it has been apparent even to the most ardent friends of a greater France that the inhabitants of the Sarre were German through and through. Under the circumstances, the French have tacitly resigned themselves to not holding the plebiscite and concentrated on inducing the German government—in exchange for turning over the region to Germany four years before the time-limit set for the plebiscite—to reacquire the mines on terms most advantageous to France.

By the Versailles Treaty the mines were allotted to France in compensation for the damage wrought by the German armies during their occupation of Northern France between 1914 and 1918. It was provided in the treaty that, in case the Sarre plebiscite went in favor of Germany and thus made the region German territory again, Germany could reacquire ownership of the mines at a price to be determined by a commission of three experts, one of whom was to be a neutral. It was stipulated further that, should Germany reacquire the mines, French nationals and the French government must remain able to buy as much Sarre coal as they might require.

Now that France has agreed not to leave the future political status of the Sarre to the outcome of the plebiscite, but to acquiesce in the return of the region to Germany before 1935, the Sarre problem has largely resolved itself into adroit maneuvering between Frenchmen and Germans with a view to having the question of the mines settled in the most advantageous manner to themselves.

IN ALL probability, the problem of the Sarre will be settled without any serious hitch in the friendlier relations between France and Germany engendered as a result of the tactics of Briand and Stresemann. But the death of the latter and the changed atmosphere in which his successor and Briand are now working may well rear obstacles which would scarcely have arisen in the days of the old Briand-Stresemann co-operation. Before a satisfactory solution is arrived at, both Briand and Curtius will unquestionably spend some sleepless nights, with the bogey of the Sarre flapping and grimacing over their uneasy heads.

Incidentally—what is the Sarre?

Many could answer that question ten years ago, when the statesmen of the great powers sat in solemn pow-wow at Versailles. But how many can give a glib answer today? How many can rattle off: "The Sarre is a region rich in coal mines; covering 750 square miles with a population of 800,000, wedged in between France and Germany, northeast of Metz, south of Cologne, northwest of Strasbourg, and southwest of Coblenz."

Well, that is what the Sarre region is. Whatever they may have been originally, its inhabitants are now predominantly German, because of the great influx of Germans into the region since the Franco-German War and the high birth rate among these Teutonic newcomers and the Germans already settled in the region before 1870-71.

From an economic point of view it might well be advantageous for the Sarre to remain French, because of the proximity of the Lorraine ore fields and the fact that practically everything used by its inhabitants is imported from France. But they have shown themselves so German in their sympathies that the result of the plebiscite is practically a foregone conclusion—hence the endeavor of the French to arrive at an understanding regarding the region and let it go back to Germany without further ado.

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Leader of the Status Quo

A Portrait of Senator David Aiken Reed

By RAY T. TUCKER

The subject of this portrait, says Mr. Tucker, is "conceded to be the ablest member on the Republican side" of the Senate. There seems to be sound reason for the judgment. It seems apparent, however, that Mr. Hoover was not looking for a diplomat when he appointed the lone Senator from Pennsylvania for a member of the American delegation to the forthcoming disarmament conference

SENATOR David Aiken Reed was destined for high if not exalted station from that December day, forty-nine years ago, when he was born amidst the murky gloom of the smokestacks and blast furnaces of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Around his cradle, in spirit or person, stood most of the sturdy Scotch-Irish genii of the place, like so many well-wishing, fairy godfathers. Among them were Andrew W. Carnegie, Andrew W. Mellon, Henry C. Frick, Philander C. Knox and the boy's own father, James H. Reed, whose legal advice had helped to furnish the foundation for his cronies' fame and fortune. With such a phalanx at his father's side, the good wishes heaped upon the newly born were no empty gestures and the pattern of his life was clearly cut.

There was, in truth, little left to lavish upon him. He had been born to wealth and a name that was historic before the Revolution. The blood of Pennsylvania squires who had clung to their land even against George Washington's efforts to dispossess them ran in his veins; he was birthmarked for the plutocracy of people and politics. Indeed, fate seemed to have formed him for the House of Lords rather than for association with the "communists" and "wild jackasses" of the United States Senate. As if to conform further to the best British—and Pittsburgh—tradition, nature endowed him with a steely intellect, a metallic eloquence, a mathematical mind, a savage wit and courage bordering on bravado.

His boyhood was untroubled and untouched by exposure to realities or crudities. He spent his early years at Shadyside Academy — significantly named institution of learning—where the sons of Pittsburgh's wealthy men get proper knowledge of human economy. At fifteen he entered Princeton —a prodigy of the day—and such collegiate commodities were rare in 1896. It was only fitting that he should engage Woodrow Wilson, then a mere professor of history, as his legal friend, when, in a sophomoric prank, he hurled a tomato through a stained glass window and struck an old lady on the forehead. Then, as now, Reed aimed high and hard. But Wilson convinced the town constable that the toss was accidental, and Reed won his first encounter with the law. As a result of this incident, the two men, so strangely alike, conceived a close frendship for each other. It congealed, however, when, in 1916, Wilson was told of his former pupil's impatient criticism of the President's unwillingness to plunge into the World War.

While at Princeton Reed spent no hardy afternoons on the football or baseball fields; he played tennis—deftly, as he does everything—and sang tenor in the glee club. He studied little but learned much, displaying a quickness of grasp and retentiveness of memory which now give him a tremendous advantage over most of his senatorial colleagues. At the University of Pittsburgh, where he studied law, he led his classes from first to last. Upon graduation, he became a member of the firm his father had formed with Knox, who was to serve in three Cabinets before his death. Presently young Reed was taking life and himself with prophetic and perilous seriousness.

Unlike many sheltered and spoiled prodigies, however, he soon bore out the ambitious hopes of his father's friends and the predictions of his classmates. Before he was thirty he was counsel for the United States Steel Corporation in the Government's famous dissolution suit, and he was the only defense lawyer who could satisfy the United States Supreme Court's curiosity concerning technical processes of steel manufacture. His energy and brilliance won him a local reputation as one of the most successful trial lawyers in the vicinage. When older and more experienced legal authorities advised Secretary Mellon that he could have a Cabinet job and his bank stocks, too, it was Reed who discovered the provision which requires that the Secretary of the Treasury, as a member of the Federal Reserve Board, shall have no other financial interests. His own father voluntarily drew aside when father and son were under consideration for appointment to the Senate in 1922, and he was named on the theory that Pennsylvania's Senators must be caught young if they are to grow old in seniority and thereby become of more practical service to that Commonwealth. At forty-two he stepped into the shoes which such contrasting figures as Knox, Quay and Penrose had filled. Now at forty-nine, he is conceded to be the ablest member on the Republican side of the aisle. Though conservative graybeards resent his presumptive air of omniscience, they do not deny his surpassing intelligence. Secretly admiring him, the Progressives, whom he recently characterized as "more dangerous than Communists," are tantalized by his undisguised contempt for their political philosophy and practices. Despite numerous clashes with the White House, in which he has stubbornly refused to yield to presidential wishes or wheedling, Hoover gave witness to Reed's ability by selecting him as one of the two senatorial delegates to the London disarmament conference. The suddenness of his emergence has been equaled by only one sitting Senator—William E. Borah of Idaho—and by few in the past.

Among the godfathers who clustered about his cradle, however, there was, it is to be feared, one wicked spirit—undoubtedly a Democrat—who rebelled at so inequitable a distribution of gifts. In any event, it is no mere fancy which discovers serious handicaps in Reed's temperament as well as in the circumstances under which he must live up to earlier expectations. He exhibits seemingly contrasting but actually correlative qualities of brittleness and braggadocio, characteristic of so many gifted and golden youths when they find themselves plunged into the hurly-burly of a public career. Moreover,

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this sensitive soul has been doomed by some strange freak to political servitude to the sooty and selfish State of Pennsylvania. He suffers and, not infrequently, smarts from the brand which Pennsylvania—legendary seat of corruption and contentment—sears upon the reputations of her best and her worst statesmen. Reed must, in short, serve two masters—the senatorial self he would like to be and the sort of Senator that Pennsylvania expects and elects. It taxes all the intellectual acrobatics of which he is capable to reconcile these dual personalities, and on numerous, notable occasions he has fallen down wretchedly, to the grinning delight of envious colleagues and his own ill-concealed chagrin.

In one of his first Senate speeches Reed disclosed, all unconsciously, that he yearned to walk in the footsteps of Knox, one of his boyhood heroes, rather than model his career after that more practical politician, Boies Penrose. The young Senator was granted the honor of eulogizing his two predecessors, then recently dead, and as ever he was frank to the point of tactlessness. He had known Penrose, he told the Senate, "very slightly." With scant paragraphs he dismissed the hard-boiled boss as one who had occupied a "unique position" in Pennsylvania, left an "influence upon both state and national governments" and written a "record of public service."

Of the statesmanlike Knox, however, he knew enough to emblazon two pages of the Congressional Record with pæans, and rather wistfully, it seemed to his listeners, he held his father's friend in highest esteem because of his "utter absence of any effort to cater to the whim of the moment."

The Penroses and the Vares, however, have established certain standards in Pennsylvania politics which not even so potential an idealist and independent as Reed may lightly disregard. In a decade, mayhap, he will reach sufficient stature to speak in a tone of authority, but for the too, too solid present he must conform to the custom of the country. He must, for example, submit pleas and protests on behalf of such clients as the steel and coal barons, the iron and coal police Cossacks, the ward leaders of Vare's "zero" districts, Secretary Mellon's Bourbonism and its manifold manifestations. He must, within certain limits, link his aspirations with the parochial demands of the Grundys, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the steel trust, the aluminum trust and the sponsors of "slush fund" primaries. Even for a Reed this is a trying task, as he learned when, a few weeks after he had taken his seat, Senator Borah asked him if it were true that women and children were being evicted from their homes in the anthracite regions. The new Senator was thrown upon the defensive almost immediately, and in his most alert and aggressive moments he seems beset by uneasy fears lest one of the numerous heels of Pennsylvania prove vulnerable to his enemies. If, upon examination, his record shows few great accomplishments other than things done or won for his state, as in the Interstate Commerce Commission controversy, it is due, no doubt, to the fact that he must devote the great majority of his days to pleading Pennsylvania's case before a jury of 120,000,000 skeptics.

Wide World

SENATOR DAVID A. REED

Unfortunately for Reed, his state's needs have not lessened since the passing of Penrose and his own entry on the stage of national politics. On the contrary, they have grown more burdensome. He was sworn in during the 1922 coal strike, which provoked nationwide criticism of his personal and political friends, the operators. His arrival at Washington coincided with a vicious attack upon the Overholt and aluminum connections of Secretary Mellon, to whom Reed has long stood in the relation of foster-son and defender. With an ironic stroke to which this favored child was singularly susceptible, fate ordained that for the next few years Reed must shoulder Pennsylvania's sins and burdens alone, since William S. Vare, victor over George Wharton Pepper in the 1926 primary, was declared to have bought his way to the Senate threshold and was deprived of his seat. That Reed's own candidate, Pepper, had expended almost twice as much as the outlawed Vare was a circumstance which did not contribute to the young Senator's serenity. It may, however, have enabled him to plead his former foe's cause with greater fervor than he could have displayed otherwise. In view of the harsh things the cynical silk-stocking had said of the lowbrow boss during the primary campaign, Reed's shedding of tears as he begged for postponement of the vote to unseat the Senator-elect convinced those who heard him that here was an exceptional trial lawyer come to the Senate.

Reed's smartness is best exemplified in his studied effort to revise, not the Penrose philosophy, but the Penrose procedure. Unable to stoop to the schemes which that bulging and beetling politician found so effective, Reed has tried to rationalize the things for which his predatory predecessor stood and to sanctify the manner in which he stood for them. When Penrose sought an appointment to a commission whose decisions might affect his political interests, he waddled comfortably to the White House and got it with the simple reminder of Pennsylvania's importance to Republican victory on Election Day. But when there was a vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission, which had recently voted five to four to give West Virginia coal a preferential rate over Pennsylvania's anthracite shipments to the Great Lakes

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regions, Senator Reed bluntly announced on the floor that he would oppose a pending nomination to the regulatory body. He reinforced this threat with a legal attack on the long neglect of Pennsylvanians in filling vacancies on the United States Supreme Court, the Tariff Commission, the Shipping Board, and, of course, the Interstate Commerce Commission. Not once did he refer to such sordid matters as the money and majorities which Messrs. Mellon, Reed, Atterbury and Grundy contribute to the party; his talk was all of his state's industrial, financial and railroad preeminence in the American system. There were those petty enough to assail his attitude as "political blackmail," but no word from his lips warranted such a slander. He was, in his own opinion at least, speaking as statesman rather than political jobber.

Though there were hurried conferences between Reed and ex-President Coolidge, there were, it is presumed, no blunt backroom demands for jobs. It was undoubtedly no more than coincidence that Reed was promised the next vacancy, whereupon, with a guileless grin, he withdrew his opposition to the nominee under consideration. Had he not over-reached himself by presenting the name of Cyrus E. Woods, he would have received all he asked. But the discovery that Reed's candidate had been heavily interested in Pensylvania coal companies, and was at the moment a stockholder in the Pennsylvania Railroad, necessitated the withdrawal of his name by the President. Even so, the commission soon reversed its earlier ruling, and Reed thereupon won the greatest victory of his senatorial career.

This incident reveals many of Reed's characteristics, the good and the bad—his subtlety, his awkwardness, his shrewdness, his glibness, his casuistry, his indiscretion, his tendency to legalistic quibbling. Almost every step he took was in the open, and this was some advance over Penrose's treading in the political twilight. Yet it cannot be denied that Reed's course tended to transform what was meant to be a semi-judicial body into a group of commissioners responsive to political threats and influence. His recommendation of an interested party for membership on such a commission indicates a certain callousness which has caused him to be characterized as a "property rights Senator." His citation of Pennsylvania's industrial and commercial eminence as justification for an outright patronage demand has provided less worthy plaintiffs with arguments for more sinister schemes.

Reed has been termed a "Grundy Senator," but this is a slightly erroneous classification. It is mere coincidence that their views on tariff essentials agree as it is that Reed seldom disagrees with the philosophy of the political and financial bigwigs of his State. But the Senator's methods differ from Grundy's, too. Whereas the master-lobbyist moves stealthily behind hotel and committee room doors, and harps on his million-dollar donations to the G. O. P. treasury, Reed labors late and legitimately for a high tariff in committee and on the floor. With the dexterity of a certified public accountant he demonstrates the need of higher and still higher duties. Such is his flexible facility with facts and figures that he has pushed Reed Smoot off the leadership bench the Senator from Utah had warmed for a quarter of a century. He dominated a Senate Finance Committee of older and more experienced legislators in the framing of the bill; his rôle there was that of courtroom pleader, and success came easily. But his efforts to dragoon the Senate into accepting his handiwork required qualities which he does not possess—patience rather than plausibility, tolerance rather than truculence, an explanatory instead of an assertive tone—and he fails in proportion to his lack of those amenities. Democrats, Republicans and Progressives have taken a sadistic delight in ripping apart his precious metals schedule; they behaved as if the vote to halve Reed's rate on pig iron was the great moment of their lives. It is significant that Mark Shields, political expert for the Pittsburgh *Press,* recently recorded the widespread opinion of "politically practical Pennsylvanians" that the aggressiveness of Reed and Grundy "has hurt the cause of Pennsylvania industry."

Reed shines brightest in committee, and since he is a leading member of Rules, Foreign Relations, Finance, Immigration and Military Affairs, he must be classed as a Senator of prodigious and influential stature. On the floor, however, his acknowledged ability avails him little because of shortcomings he cannot seem to overcome. He is, without a doubt, the most tactless member of both houses of Congress; his colleagues call him "diplomatic Dave" in recognition of his lack of restraint. There are noticeable, too, a certain petulance and poutiness in his outbursts which deprive them of the dignity they might otherwise deserve. It is solid testimonial to his worth that he was able to survive his description of Pennsylvania voters as "dunderheads" because they preferred Vare to Pepper. Less courageous men—and less hot-tempered—would not have dared, in denouncing newspaper correspondents for their refusal to tell the source of their reports of secret roll calls, to speak slightingly of the "so-called ethics of this so-called profession." But these blunders were mere slips of the tongue by comparison with his more recent denunciation of western members as "worse than Communists"—a phrase which, with Moses's "sons of wild jackasses," may plague the present Congress and administration to the end of its days. From Norris came the retort that the Pennsylvanian's "monotonous and regular lectures" were "perilously near a violation of the rules," and certainly unsportsmanlike. It was after one of these typical tirades that Pat Harrison of Mississippi shot back:

"I do not blame the Senator from Pennsylvania for becoming irritated and impatient, for lecturing those of us who are more insignificant and less important, but more humble than he. . . . But he, too, wearies our patience and ruffles our sensibilities."

In a moment of anger as white and withering as those which depict Reed in less attractive moods, Harrison sought to diagnose the cause of the Pennsylvanian's distemper. Referring to Reed's appointment to the disarmament delegation, Harrison said: "There's the whole trouble. It's gone to his head."

It would not be surprising, or even reprehensible, if Reed's astonishing success had affected him, but Harrison was not quite fair or accurate. The Pennsylvanian would be guilty of the worst sort of hypocritical modesty if he were not conscious of his transcendent ability, and he gives the impression that he is, in Thackeray's meaning, a snob. But his irascibility springs from no mean spirit; his blunt speaking is not an awkward attempt to win a reputation for pseudo-courage. He visits his infelicities upon friend as well as foe. It was Reed who gave his friend Bingham, the unkindest cut of all dur-

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Dark Days for Bootleggers

By F. P. DUNNE, JR.

The bootleggers, it seems, have been hurt by the Wall Street crash far more than by any prohibition drive. Business has fallen off. Being gamblers, the speakeasy men have lost their own funds in the slump. Mr. Dunne, who covers theatres for the New York "World," paints a gloomy picture of the situation

MUCH HAS BEEN written, and a lot more gloomily said on street-corners and elsewhere, about the devastating effects of the recent débâcle of the stock market. Scarcely a business or trade of any sort has failed to feel those effects. But nowhere is the aftermath of the crash to be seen with more tragic clarity than in the establishments of that very considerable group of our businessmen, the proprietors of the speakeasies.

There is, for example, the restaurant of Georgio Canella, a young south European whose real name had best not be mentioned. Canella is an educated man, able to speak five or six languages faultlessly and charmingly, and his tastes are in accordance with his breeding, which is to say that they are good. His place of business, located in a handsome mansion on the West Side of Manhattan, is beautifully furnished in the quiet manner with a touch of modernism, and it has about fifteen tables and a chaste mahogany bar. The food Georgio serves is excellent, the wines are the best obtainable in these difficult days, and the prices commensurately high. Until the crash there was scarcely a night when the place was not crowded with a brilliant assemblage of well-groomed epicures, whose chattering voices drowned out the sounds of the radio (always played *piano*).

But right now, one may enter his doors at dinner-time, and find most of the tables empty. Last week, for example, there was only one party there—a party of two at that—and the dining-room presented a dismal aspect of desertion. Everywhere were white table cloths unrumpled by use, and the shine upon the brass rail at the bar was unmarred by the feet of guests. In place of the usual symphony of conversation there was silence—and the radio.

"Tonight," said Canella, with a sigh, "is unusually bad, but still, I have lost seventy-five per cent of my business since the stock market went down, not to mention losing most of my own savings in the crash. Our business—I am speaking of the high-class speakeasy restaurants—is a luxury business, and luxury businesses are not so profitable nowadays. And when people do come here now, they don't buy champagne as they used to. They are all trying to cut down on their expenses, and the good speakeasies are the first to suffer as a result."

Canella's experiences are no exception. Proprietors of other high-class speakeasies have the same story to tell: that good liquor at present-day prices ranks as a luxury, and that the bottom has fallen out of the luxury market. The good jewelers and tailors and milliners know that too, to their sorrow.

Consider for a moment the plight of Clement. He is a waiter, and an artist at it, with the result that by working in speakeasies, where the tips are much higher than elsewhere, he had been able to accumulate nearly $20,000. During the spring, summer and autumn, he worked in New York establishments, and his winters he habitually spent in Palm Beach, working there in an open-air speakeasy of the greatest elegance. But when the market tumbled, it took his little world right down with it, for he first lost all his money, then his New York employer had to let him go, and now he has just received word that his winter boss is not going to open up in Palm Beach this year for the simple reason that he doesn't believe the winter visitors are going to have enough money for night-clubs. So Clement is out in the cold.

Clement's former employer, Tony Sforza (one of the many Tonies in his line of business) has a speakeasy in the very shadow of Park Avenue. His customers usually dress for dinner, and before the crash, it was practically impossible to get a table at the dinner hour. Today, there is no difficulty in doing so. His business he says, is off at least fifty per cent, and he is in grave doubt about his ability to keep going through the winter unless things improve radically and in a hurry. There is just now a slight movement in the right direction, but he is afraid it will not be rapid enough to save him, because those who do still visit his

NIGHT CLUB

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establishment are buying only the less expensive liquid wares, and many of them are merely eating his lavish two dollar dinner, on which he makes almost no profit.

There are many other similar cases. One man estimates the depreciation in his business at forty per cent; another at thirty. Charmaine Satis, a young Frenchwoman whose specialty is fine wines, — champagne, Bordeaux and Burgundy,— and who once saw her place crowded to the doors until the morning hours, now surveys a practically empty roomful of round red tables, while her bartender, in a striped apache jersey, languishes behind his bar with little to do. And she, too, lost most of her savings in the market.

SPEAKEASY

Illustration by J. W. Golinkin in "New York Is Like This" (Dodd, Mead)

The home and office delivery men, those gentlemen with a personal clientele who provide the refreshments for parties and personal consumption, are having a hard time, too, though not quite so disastrous a one. The reason is that many parties have been called off or at least reduced in size. For example, at one hotel alone, thirty-two dances for debutantes were canceled immediately after the crash, and since it may fairly be estimated that fifty cases of champagne are consumed at a typical one of these, at $110 a case, it may be seen that approximately $175,000 in gross business has been lost to the bootleggers by this single set of cancellations. There must have been many more such decisions not to spend money on elaborate gayety. One stock broker who planned to have 200 guests at his country house one evening three weeks ago finally invited only fifty.

The demand for champagne, they say, is way off, though they are still selling Scotch and rye in fairly large quantities. But where they are hardest hit is in the matter of getting paid. A good many of their regular customers simply haven't the cash to pay them, so, rather than let their liquor lie unsold on their shelves, they are selling it on credit "until the market goes back up again," which is a risky procedure and not one which will bring them the money they need right away. Also, they are having a terrible time collecting their old bills.

Take the case of Eddie Crehan, a large home-supplier. He lost some $600,000 himself, and when he tried to raise money for more margin by collecting his bills, he found that his customers were every bit as badly off as he was, with the result that his investments blew up and he was left high and dry. Moreover, he was forced to dismiss a dozen or so of his employees, because his business had fallen off so alarmingly. One of his colleagues, one Louis Duverne, lost $1,000,000 which he had accumulated during the past ten years. He started in the trade as soon as the law was passed, and, without striving for more than a small and exclusive custom, was in time in a position to retire to his native Alsace, and there live like a prince, or better. The market caught him unprepared, and neatly wiped him out, so today he has nothing left but an impoverished clientele and a modicum of credit with the wholesalers from whom he obtains his stock-in-trade.

All in all, it is a depressing picture. Not a bootlegger interviewed during the course of this investigation had escaped without losing much of his own money. All are gamblers or they never would have entered their hazardous business. One had dropped $1,000,000, another $600,000, another $300,000, and others between $50,000 and $100,000; and all because none of them had invested in safe and sane bonds or even bought their stocks outright. They had gone into the market with a gambling philosophy. And businessmen outside the bootlegging trade know what happened to gamblers in the débâcle.

Nor will the community as a whole be benefited. Many of the bootleggers, as I have suggested above, have had to fire some of their men—waiters, truck-drivers, armed guards and all. There is no way of telling exactly, but certainly hundreds and perhaps thousands of bootlegging underlings have been thrown on the streets, some of them unquestionably to occupations by no means so gentle as the sale, manufacture for sale, and transportation of intoxicating beverages.

There is however, a ray of cheer in the business, and this oddly enough, emanates from those murky dives in the less elegant portions of town where longshoremen and truck-drivers congregate. A typical one of these is that run by Jerry Riordan—an old-fashioned bar with fly-specked mirrors and a picture of a lady in tights over the door. Like the proprietors of the more elaborate places, Jerry is at heart a gambler, but he runs to horse racing, not to the stock market, which is why he can laugh at stock market jokes without a mental reservation. The crash did nothing

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The Trend of Events

Toward the Court

SIGNING the three World Court protocols for the United States, Chargé d'Affaires Moffat had to crowd his name on the bottom of the page. Fifty-odd nations had already set their seals to the three documents—to the two which signify our accession to the Court and revise its statute, as well as to the statute itself. One long step remains to be taken. The protocols must be ratified not only by the other nations but also by the United States Senate.

The letter of Secretary of State Stimson to President Hoover, proposing that the protocols be signed, exhausted the arguments for their ratification. The Secretary recalled that the United States led in establishing the Court of Arbitration at The Hague in 1899, submitted its first case, urged that its functions be extended. He pointed out that, under the formula devised last year by Sir Cecil Hirst and Elihu Root, the conditions laid down by the Senate in 1926 had been met; that is, that, without our consent, the Court would render no advisory opinion in a dispute in which the United States "has" an interest, that in disputes in which it "claims" an interest its objections would be considered and, if such objections were not accepted by members of the League of Nations, the United States might withdraw from the Court without implying unfriendliness. He expressed the belief that a threat of withdrawal would induce the other nations to yield, thus virtually granting the United States the veto power over advisory opinions which the Senate demanded. In conclusion he maintained that the Court provides the best possible means of peacefully settling international disputes under the Pact of Paris.

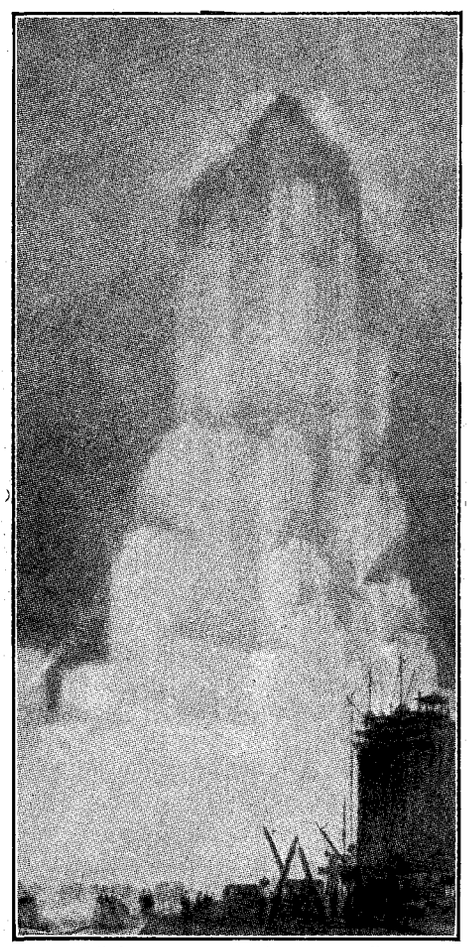
These arguments are convincing and conclusive. They may not seem so to Senate irreconcilables. In deference to them, and to safeguard his domestic program, the President may postpone submitting the protocols for ratification. Yet a demand is already heard for immediate action; the familiar committees of prominent personages are being formed again. Still out of the Court, the United States has been advancing toward it since 1923. Even for a pilgrim's progress, this is pretty slow.

Neutral Rights at Sea

FOR ALL ITS SIGNING of protocols, the United States did not endorse the so-called optional clause, which not merely permits, but compels, disputants to submit legal controversies to the World Court for settlement. Great Britain signed the clause some months ago, agreeing to let the Court pass on her legal disputes with other signers. One implication of that action is plain, though to state it is to list a series of ifs, none of them, however, suggesting an impossible, or even improbable, condition. If the United States eventually ratifies the optional clause, and if Britain becomes involved in a war, and if she interferes with American commerce, the United States may hale her, just as she may hale the United States, before the Court and ask that body to determine whether or not such interference is justified.

By an ingenious bit of reasoning, Britain strives to get around the conclusion that she has left this freedom of the seas question to be settled by the Court. If news dispatches are trustworthy, in the recently published White Paper she delicately contends that under the Kellogg pact there can be no neutrals and therefore no neutral rights on the sea. Therefore the United States cannot be a neutral and therefore the United States has no neutral rights in time of war. What it all comes down to is that Great Britain has always demanded the right to interfere with neutral commerce capable of aiding the enemy, and she still does. But, says Senator Borah, if henceforth there are to be no neutrals, "it necessarily follows that we and all the other signatories become belligerents. Under these circumstances the pact . . . is not a peace pact. It is a war pact."

As the meaning of the White Paper, which promises to become historic, is developed to the full, it is bound to be discussed both warmly and in detail For the present suffice it to say that, like the Hoover proposal to grant freedom of the seas to food ships, it might better have been deferred until after the forthcoming naval conference. It will not brighten, it may darken, the outlook for disarmament on the seas.



From "The Metropolis of Tomorrow" (Ives Washburn)

HOUSE THAT AL BUILT

Drawing by Hugh Ferriss of building to rise on site of the Waldorf Hotel

Al Aims High

THE HEAVY STONE ARCHES and curly cornices of New York's old Waldorf-Astoria are crumbling to give way to the colossal, step-up structure of the new Empire State Building, of which Al Smith will be landlord. A mile further down Fifth Avenue, neighbors who live high enough watch excitedly as the Governor's new penthouse acquires a solarium, which will house tropical plants, canaries, cats, dogs, a parrot, and possibly a monkey.

They do say the Empire State Building will support a 200-foot mooring mast for dirigibles with a built-in landing platform for passengers. Mr. Smith announced it himself and forthwith set off to Washington to talk to Secretary of the Navy Adams about it.

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Springfield, Missouri

Architects of the building said it was probable; dirigible experts said it was possible. But skeptical observers noted that the newest specifications filed for the building did not provide for the mooring mast, that the Smith-Adams interview in Washington was brief, and that naval officers at Lakehurst, New Jersey, foresaw many problems. Conceivably, then, the proposal to land passengers directly above the sidewalks of New York is intended primarily to keep the new building fixed in the public mind and, by raising its possible height to 1300 feet, discourage competitors interested in the valuable title of "the world's tallest building."

In any case, the project is directly in line with the prophecies of Sunday supplement writers who envison the city of the future with airplanes landing on craggy roofs and dirigibles bobbing nonchalantly from every other spire. It is said that such a mooring mast could be strengthened to withstand a dirigible's pull in anything less than a fifty-mile gale, though of course there might sometime be a fifty-two-mile one. It is also said, that, because of strong winds and vertical air currents sent up by high buildings and intervening streets, a giant airship would require almost constant trimming to keep on an even keel. But answers have been found for more difficult problems than these. So maybe, after all, Al will soon be selling parking space to Zeppelins.

▶▶Vare Out, Grundy In

When the Senate sent William S. Vare back to Pennsylvania and got Joseph R. Grundy in return, it became the butt of a low practical joke, partly self-inflicted. Lacking sufficient grounds to bar Grundy, it was obliged to receive a man who as Washington's arch-lobbyist had just been the principal figure in a senatorial investigation; who has been repeatedly denounced and ridiculed in Congress; who is nationally known as an unblushingly reactionary politician addicted to raising vast campaign funds and then bringing home the bacon for contributors by way of high tariff schedules. Thus Vare, who spent so much money, got out, while Grundy, who raises so much money, got in. This swapping of a thistle for a burr was one result of the Senate's attempt to elevate its admission standards above a point approved by the Pennsylvania electorate.

A second result was the metamorphosis of Vare's friends into enemies. In the spring of 1926, the Mellon-Grundy machine did its utmost to brush Vare aside. Following Vare's defeat of its candidate, the pious Senator Pepper, in the 1926 Republican primary, it was used in the victor's behalf to brush his Democratic opponent aside. In the summer of 1928, Vare was leading it around at will, notably at the Kansas City convention. Early in December, 1929, it was being used to push him into the Senate. By the middle of December, when the Senate had excluded him, it was being used to prevent his returning to the Senate. Were Vare to enter

Wide World

PENNSYLVANIA'S PRIDE

Joseph R. Grundy becomes member of United States Senate

and win the Republican senatorial primary in May, 1930, it would no doubt again be used to defeat his Democratic opponent and to force him over the Senate's doorstep.

His ill health may prevent him from making a fight to "vindicate" himself next year. Hence it may mean that the Mellon-Grundy machine will dominate the Republican party of Pennsylvania and therefore the State as a whole. The machine's prospects of doing so are bright. It is strong and willing to spend money lavishly; though the Vare ticket spent $785,000 in the 1926 primary, the Mellon-Grundy ticket spent $1,800,000—Grundy alone collected and contributed $400,000—and succeeded in nominating its candidate for Governor, John S. Fisher, the man who appointed Grundy to the Senate. Moreover, in Grundy the machine seems to have a candidate who will prove quite to Pennsylvania's taste in the election of 1930. Indeed, the really depressing thing is that both Vare and Grundy seem to impress the people of Pennsylvania as first-class senatorial timber.

▶▶Low-Tariff Lobbying

The Senate Lobby Investigating Committee asked Herbert C. Lakin, president of the Cuba Company, to tell what he knew of the campaign for low duties on Cuban sugar. He knew a good bit.

Acting for nine corporations interested in Cuban sugar, Mr. Lakin started his campaign a year ago. His first master stroke was to hire as legal assistant Edwin P. Shattuck, a friend of Mr. Hoover. In letters read into the record he indicated that Mr. Hoover had approved Mr. Shattuck's employment and had taken a "direct hand" in the situation. Mr. Lakin believed Mr. Shattuck should be rewarded for his services to the extent of $75,000.

How much Mr. Lakin valued personal influence was disclosed by his enlistment of General Enoch H. Crowder, former Ambassador to Cuba, "who is received everywhere," by his proposal to engage former-Representative Cordell Hull of Tennessee, Democratic low tariff advocate, who "could be received where I would not be," by his reflection that, though Secretary of State Stimson opposed limitation of Philippine sugar imports, desired by the Cuban interests, he could still be approached "because his wife and my wife are cousins."

Out of correspondence with President Machado of Cuba and with the Cuban Secretary of Communications, Mr. Lakin evolved the idea of encouraging other Latin-American nations to protest against high tariffs. Reminded of the Logan law, forbidding American citizens to correspond with foreign officials to defeat a governmental policy, he expressed the opinion that he had been "wrong." Moreover, he was "ashamed" of his suggestion that Cuban Masons come to Washington to reason with their brothers in Congress.

The air of mystery with which he surrounded his activities probably betrayed nothing more sinister than the naïve importance of a business man mixing for the first time in back-stage politics. His activities none the less emphasize how much tariff duties are fixed by selfish pressure. Domestic sugar interests pull one way, Cuban sugar interests another. In such a tug

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of war what thought is given to the plain citizen anxious to sweeten a grape fruit?

▶▶*Communists on Parade*

THE IRONIC FEATURE of American Communism is that it seems to thrive only on martyrdom. Let three Communists like those in St. Clairsville, Ohio, be sentenced to disproportionately heavy jail terms and the party automatically gains sympathizers. Contrariwise, let the forces of law and order don gloves and deal lightly with demonstrations such as have been held lately in Washington and New York, and Communism at once becomes unimportant.

No doubt Communists write letters to Santa Claus for ruckuses like that in Ohio, in which two men, convicted of criminal syndicalism, were fined $2,500 and given five to ten years in the State Penitentiary, but had opportunity to declare that "the court was dominated by capital." The third defendant, a woman, was fined $1,000 and sentenced to an indefinite term in a reformatory, but not before she had seized her chance to shout loudly, "We did not get a fair and impartial trial; neither did we expect a fair trial before an imperialistic court." Both statements showed up fine in the next day's papers.

Plainly, the Communist party dislikes the present Government's policies, both foreign and domestic. It considers the Stimson note to the Soviet Union rank hypocrisy, the sending of troops to Haiti an outrage, the Hoover business conferences a menace, and the Kellogg peace pact a Wall Street instrument of war. It said so with shouts and banners at the Washington and New York parades on December 14. In Washington, arrested agitators were quickly released on the order of the President; in New York there were but a few suspended sentences and small fines. So nothing came of the parades and few people thought much about them.

Provided the authorities do not make the mistake of baiting them, Communists are, and are likely to remain, misfits in the American scene. As much is indicated by their incessant, and rather pitiful, public demonstrations, one of their few means of working for the cause. They have no representation in Congress, none, or almost none, in the State Legislatures. Where is there a Communist mayor? It is a rare American city, if any there be, that has even a Communist alderman. What else can they do if they don't parade?

▶▶*Lindsey Disbarred*

WHILE SERVING AS JUDGE of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Ben B. Lindsey aided Mrs. Helen Stokes, divorced wife of the multi-millionaire W. E. D. Stokes, in contesting her husband's will, which had disinherited her two children. About a third of the estate was recovered for the children when the case was settled out of court.

Underwood

DISBARRED

Ben B. Lindsey prohibited from practice of law in Colorado

Thereupon Mrs. Stokes and her attorney gave former-Judge Lindsey $47,000, which is being paid to him by the Probate Court of Denver as a pension of $200 a month. He declares that the $47,000 was a gift, made with the knowledge and approval of the County Court of Denver, that his services for Mrs. Stokes in New York had no relation to any case in Colorado, that he acted merely as arbitrator and mediator, that she had been a life-long friend, and that the donors refused to take back the money when he offered to return it.

None of these explanations satisfies the Supreme Court of Colorado, which has prohibited him from practicing law in that State hereafter. The Court regards the money as a fee, and criticizes him for performing and accepting pay for legal services while on the bench. If a man cannot remain faithful to duty despite the allurements of money, it says, he lacks "that indispensable moral character which the good of society and the administration of justice demand of an attorney and counselor-at-law."

Somehow all this is less impressive than it might be. Plainly, Mr. Lindsey's judgment slipped a cog in the Stokes case, but insinuations that his honesty also slipped one fall rather flat. For this fact there are two possible reasons. First, Judge Lindsey's sincerity and integrity have been well established; they cannot be convincingly denied unless a clinching case is advanced against him. Secondly, it is no secret that forces in Colorado opposed to his fight on the Ku Klux Klan, his advocacy of companionate marriage, and his other legal and social reforms have long attempted to humble him. Now that a technical reason has been found for his disbarment they appear significantly well satisfied. If it must be granted that Judge Lindsey failed to keep above suspicion, it must be added that his political enemies failed far more grievously than he did.

▶▶*Mass Murder*

DEATH PENALTIES AND SENTENCES to life imprisonment are being dealt out to participants in an ugly little affair in Hungary. Fifty defendants, all women, have been placed on trial for poisoning husbands and relatives.

During the past ten years, able-bodied persons had been dying with unaccountable regularity in two Hungarian villages. Police suspected two midwives; when both committed suicide, it was discovered that they had been quietly teaching women to extract arsenic from flypaper and introduce it into the meals of those they wished to be rid of. Once taught, the pupils taught others. The number of victims was between fifty and sixty.

Defense counsel, pleading the general low cultural level of the primitive villages, twenty-five miles from the nearest railway station, has pointed out that two of the accused women could neither read nor write. Is it ability to read and write, then, which prevents more women from reasoning, as did one of the defendants, that poisoning was not murder because her husband died without suffering? Is it catching the 10:02 to town for shopping and the movies that diverts women from being Borgias?

If so, this certainly furnishes overwhelming reasons for culture. It also

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quiets longings for the simple days of old. Scores of writers have traced the lengths to which human vindictiveness will go when nourished in the hardship and monotony of primitive surroundings; apparently it will go even further than they had supposed. How about turning on more electric lights, drawing the chairs closer around the radiator, starting the radio, and holding a rousing discussion of modern literature?

Wide World

STAR COLLECTOR

Julius H. Barnes, Chamber of Commerce Chairman, names committee of business experts

▶▶*Monopoly's Champion*

ADVOCATE OF MONOPOLY, Owen D. Young does not shrink from the logic of his own propositions. Urging that international communications be unified, he told the Senate's Interstate Commerce Committee that he favored private ownership under Government control. If Congress would not permit that, he preferred outright Government ownership to the "ruinous" conditions imposed by competition.

In support of his arguments, Mr. Young pointed out the advantages of unifying radio, wire, and cable services essentially supplementary. He discussed the benefits of diverting to research and long-range planning the money and energy now devoted to competition for trade. He dwelt on the inability of several small companies to compete successfully with the unified agencies of Great Britain, France, and Italy. He referred to the progress of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which combines the diverse activities of many small industries in a monopoly under governmental regulation. He mentioned the stalemate existing in radio until the formation of the Radio Corporation of America, which brought together patents for sending messages and patents for receiving them. He declared that regulation of public-service rates by competition has not proved satisfactory. He might have added, however, that regulation by Government commissions is in little better case.

A prudent man, he does not expect unification at once. He did not recommend the immediate unification of the telephone and telegraph companies, although he believes the merger of the two telegraph companies desirable and monoply in the air a necessity. He spoke with a specific case in mind, the partial merger of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company with the Radio Corporation, which is already agreed upon but not consummated pending congressional sanction.

While Mr. Young's theories are commonplace to economists, they are startling to politicians convinced of the unalloyed virtues of competition and the unmitigated evils both of monopoly and of "state socialism." Yet the situation pictured by Mr. Young is not to be ignored. Neither radical nor reactionary, but an able business man with a sense of public responsibility, he gave the Government something to chew on.

▶▶*More of the Same*

THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE, Congress, and the United States Chamber of Commerce were each commissioned to carry on business-revival plans recently sponsored by Mr. Hoover. The Department responded by forming a Division of Public Construction, which is co-ordinating the efforts of the Federal Government and of state and local governments to speed up building programs. Co-operating heartily, Congress lopped $160,000,000 from income taxes.

From Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, comes the announcement that an executive committee has been formed to carry on plans discussed at the conference of industrial leaders on December 5. The list of committeemen bulges with "names": Owen D. Young, of course, Myron C. Taylor, Thomas W. Lamont, Walter C. Teagle, Pierre S. du Pont, George Horace Lorimer, and fourteen others. Whatever business stimulants these men prescribe will probably find favor not only with business men but with newspaper editors as well, and sympathetic newspapers are indispensable in this campaign to improve not only the nation's business but also its psychology.

The prescriptions cannot be mere Pollyanna forecasts. There are signs of a growing realization that these, like vague assertions that American business is fundamentally sound, will not do. To insist too loudly that every day in every way business is getting better and better is to create the unjustified suspicion that every day in every way it is getting worse and worse.

▶▶*Follow Through*

WHATEVER BECAME OF: The Shawnee case? The Shawnee is the Canadian vessel shelled by the United States Coast Guard while fifteen miles off New York Harbor on the evening of September 11 . . . . The Government at Washington has sent its regrets to the Government at Ottawa, admitting that the Coast Guard fired without legal authority.

Underwood

FOR MONOPOLY

Owen D. Young states case for unifying international communications

The I'm Alone case? The I'm Alone is the rum-running schooner riddled and sunk by the Coast Guard off the coast of Louisiana last March . . .

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Preliminary steps have been taken, but the case has not yet been arbitrated. Former-Senator Pepper, American arbitral agent, has evidence said to establish that the schooner, though under Canadian registry, was owned by Americans, thereby putting Canada in the position of demanding compensation for damages done by and to American interests.

The famous Fahy dinner case? Senator Brookhart told first the Senate and the newsreels, later a District of Columbia Grand Jury, that he had seen E. E. Loomis pour something suspicious into a glass while attending a Washington dinner in December, 1926 . . . . The Grand Jury reported: "It is deemed that the lack of evidence, together with the extraordinary lapse of time between the alleged violations and the revelation of the facts relating to this affair, make it impracticable for the Grand Jury to consider the matter further."

The Langley case? Former-Representative Langley of Kentucky was convicted and imprisoned for conspiracy to violate the Volstead act. His wife ran for Congress to "vindicate" him and was elected. Thereupon, to "vindicate" himself still further, he started to write a book . . . . The first installment, all about the events leading up to the tragedy, has been published. The title is, *They Tried to Crucify Me, or the Smoke Screen of the Cumberlands.*

▶▶"D——"

THE LATEST CENSORSHIP news from Massachusetts is that Cornelia Otis Skinner has been warned against saying "damn" on a Boston stage. It seems that the word occurs in one of her character sketches, that she spoke it during a first performance, and that the censor heard her. She mustn't say naughty word again, he told her. A very nice sketch and all that, but cut out the damn or the sketch itself. This in the city wherein, declares Walter W. Liggett in the January *Plain Talk,* the people "find their government in the grip of a grafting gang of politicians, while rapacious policemen, bootleggers, blackmailers, white slavers, dope peddlers, gamblers, gunmen, and miscellaneous mobs of racketeers of high and low degree have put every form of commercialized vice on a paying basis."

The latest censorship news from Florida is that the Florida Purity League has been freed of the charge of sending "obscene, lewd, lascivious, and filthy matter" through the mail. Not long ago the Purity League had a double-headed idea. It was that "objectionable books," such as Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams,* Ellis's *Task of Social Hygiene,* and Shaw's *Man and Superman,* were being used in Florida's tax-supported institutions of learning. It was, again, that there ought to be a national campaign against "insidious teaching under the guise of science."

League members therefore collected excerpts from objectionable books in-

Pinchot

DAMNED IN BOSTON
Cornelia Otis Skinner warned against shocking audiences at Hub

to a pamphlet, which they sent through the mails, thereby wading into a sea of troubles. While the indictment against them for circulating obscenity was quashed, in winning their legal case they lose their intellectual case. Whatever the legal convolutions, the common-sense view is that either the excerpts—and hence the books—are not obscene and the purity campaign collapses, or they are obscene and those who broadcast them should be prosecuted.

An incident similar to this lately occurred in Boston apropos the banning of O'Neill's *Strange Interlude.* Florida, then, has taken a long step Boston-ward. It still has some distance to go, however, before it can seriously pretend to be shocked by the word "damn."

▶▶*Steadfast Howard*

AT HOWARD COLLEGE, a Baptist institution in Birmingham, Alabama, Dr. Horace Calvin Day, biology instructor, addressed the students on the subject, "Be Skeptical." They wouldn't be. For labelling as ignorant those who believe that Jonah was literally swallowed by a whale and that Noah literally loaded all the animals two by two into his Ark, Dr. Day lost his job.

It is ignorant, he contended, to credit the Noah story, for how could Noah get those animals into the Ark? As for Jonah, Dr. Day had made biological studies of whales, and found that it would be impossible for them to swallow a man whole. "And anyway," he added, "no man could live inside a whale." At this, an undergraduate rose and, after rebuking the speaker for planting thorns in fair Howard, led fellow students to another building, where they prayed for an hour for their college and for Dr. Day.

The Florida Purity League, after a survey of southern states, concluded that "the character of the books in use at our institutions of higher learning, together with so large a percentage of infidel instructors, constitutes the greatest menace with which our state and Nation has ever been confronted." Evidently the League need have no fear that the menace will gain headway in Alabama.

▶▶*Long Live a Few Kings*

IF THERE IS SENTIMENT among royalty —and undoubtedly there is—the annual appearance of the Almanach de Gotha, royalty's Who's Who, must be rather a sad occasion. The names of ruling families who retain their titles, dignity, and official residences are so few; the names of those who have been driven from their countries, or who, like the ill-starred Romanoffs, are listed as "Dead, murdered, or shot," are so many. Those who remain must shiver within their marble halls, wondering how soon democracy will down them too.

Ever since the War which emptied so many European thrones, Almanach editors have had to go East to find fresh royal subjects for the frontispiece. Two years ago it was the young Mpret of Albania. Last year, it was King Amanullah of Afghanistan, now plain Mr. Amanullah of nowhere-in-particular. The 1930 edition bears the likeness of King Fuad I of Egypt, and may he and all the others last out the year.

The world will be the loser if royalty goes completely out of fashion. Monarchs need not do any ruling; they can

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hardly expect to do any; but they make a splendid sight, and splendid sights are worth their upkeep. Where is there a President, who, if he were willing to pin them on, could carry off a chestful of medals and gold braid as does King George V, who was born and bred to wear them? Royalty has a certain It, which no elected administrator, headlined today and forgotten tomorrow, can hope to attain. Let the governments of the world be by the people, if the people insist upon it. But let us preserve a few bona fide kings here and there to feast our eyes on.

What's Beneath Us?

Although scientists, by means of the telescope, have extended the reach of human knowledge some 300,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles above our heads, our direct knowledge of what lies beneath our feet extends only about two miles. This is why Harvard's Director of Astronomy, Dr. Harlow Shapley, advocates digging research laboratories deep down in the earth.

Geophysics is the name of the rather youthful branch of earth science which is attempting, among other things, to learn the inner secrets of our globe. Seismology, the science of earthquakes, is one of its chief adjuncts. Since geophysicists cannot pluck samples from the earth's core they must wait for major earth shocks and, by noting how soon these arrive at the opposite side of the globe, deduce the nature and depth of the earth's interior. It seems as good as established that the earth's core is iron. Above it is a thick layer of some 600 miles of dense rock heavier than granite. A thin crust of relatively light granitic rock lies above that.

But there are vastly more interesting problems than these and scientists will never feel satisfied until they can, literally, put their fingers on the solutions. Probably their fingers would, as literally, get burned, for the earth's core is doubtless so hot that it would melt were the weight of the overlying layers not too great to permit solid matter to expand and take melted form. There are other problems—that of the slipping or "loose skin" theory of the German scientist Wegener, the cognate theory of Professor Daly of Harvard, and a host of other earth structure theories, each more fascinating than the last.

Professor Shapley is not advocating any H. G. Wells tunnel through the earth; such a thing would prove far beyond existing engineering skill. He merely hopes to extend our reach a few miles. This conceivably could be accomplished during our generation by means of a series of deep laboratories.

Oceanic Helloing

From now on, any one who has friends on the Leviathan and seven dollars to spend a minute may call up and find out how the weather is at sea. With the customary group of directors around the telephone company's table and the usual struggle to find conversation worthy of the occasion, regular wireless telephone service between the shore and the United States liner was successfully inaugurated. It is expected that this service eventually will link to the shore every ship upon all the seas.

This was by no means simply a matter of installing bells and telephones and making a hook-up here and there. Years of painstaking research have gone into the perfecting of a dependable service, research dating from the time in May, 1916, when Secretary of the Navy Daniels phoned an order to the battleship New Hampshire. Its advantages are manifold, even outweighing the possible disadvantages which unprogressive folk, growing fidgety to note modern science weaving wires ever more intricately about everyday life, will quickly discern.

For the many who by telephoning at sea will be able to avoid anxiety, avert disaster, make a couple of extra thousands, and hear cherished voices, there will be many to sigh for the days when an ocean voyage was a grateful interval of suspended action, something like a rest cure. Work and worry temporarily ceased, since nothing could be done about them anyway. That will all be over, before long, now. On shipboard a person won't even be able to be very convincingly "out."

Remarkable Remarks

Any lack of confidence in the economic future or the basic strength of business in the United States is foolish.—Herbert Hoover.

To be an American is to be an optimist.—Senator Robert F. Wagner.

Where there is margin there is hope.—"Bugs" Baer.

The radio to the mind is what the butcher, baker, grocer and milkman are to the stomach. It feeds the mind. And as the mind is above the stomach, so the radio is above all other contributors to civilization, and to an existence worth while.—Arthur Brisbane.

Mexico is one of the safest places in the world.—President-elect Ortiz Rubio.

A navy has never been the cause of a war.—Lord Jellicoe.

Of course this may be a radical suggestion but couldn't they fix some way where the guards carried the guns instead of the prisoners.—Will Rogers.

My great wish now is to live quietly and simply.—Gene Tunney.

My God, how I love to eat! I'm a real American gal.—Rosa Ponselle.

I think every motion picture star loses perspective as to the value of a dollar.—Clara Bow.

In Brief

Of course, it is not to be understood that captains of industry who declare that Congress should hurry up and pass a tariff bill mean that Congress should hurry up and pass a low tariff bill. . . . "One thing I take pride in about the Volstead act," declares former-Representative Volstead, "is that it has not been necessary to change the darn thing to any extent to make it effective." A good point well taken; the Volstead act is perfectly effective as it stands. . . . As for that Kentucky woman who listened to the radio for 106 hours without stopping and thus became champion radio listener, she is now able to boast without fear of successful contradiction that no one has listened to the radio longer than she has. . . . It is wicked of former-Governor Lowden to say that the bill passed to help the farmer hasn't done much for him yet. The farm relief act is generally admitted to be the longest step ever taken for agriculture; only an ingrate would hold that it may have been a step in the wrong direction. . . . It is Governor Fisher of Pennsylvania who refers to "those degenerates down there" in the

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Senate. Brought up in the virtuous traditions of the Mellon-Grundy machine, Governor Fisher is easily shocked by senatorial faults. . . . Once Mr. Grundy were seated, said Senator Cutting, no Senator could ever question his motives. Why should any Senator want to question Mr. Grundy's motives? Motives so obvious must be pretty near unquestionable. . . .

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE HEAR the "sons of the wild jackass" are no longer the happy and hilarious herd they were during the special session. Their success in trampling on the Administration's tariff bill, we are told, has subjected some of them to the same sort of leadership pains that disrupted the "Young Guard." Gerald Nye, whose thirty-seven years place him in the listen-and-learn group, appears to have been overcome by his new-found prominence, and aspires to command over such hoary veterans as Borah of Idaho and Norris of Nebraska, who were insurging before he was born. In the Grundy contest, as well as in the controversy between the grain dealers and the Federal Farm Board, the boyish Nye sought to stampede the coalition into accepting his impulsive but irresponsible ideas, and got a good spanking from the oldsters. There have been other incidents in which the more constitutionally inclined among the rebels have felt it necessary to repress the instincts of their politically adolescent allies, and some grumbling against bossism has resulted. "Jim" Watson and his fellow-stalwarts should get a grim and mirthless laugh from that strange situation.

The members of the coalition, we find, are quite as regular in their rivalries as their "Old Guard" colleagues, and cannot endure the emergence of any single figure. In fact, we hear the alliance of Democrats and Progressives would have crumbled long since were it not for Borah's extraordinary eagerness to keep in the headlines and the animosity which such Wilsonian Democrats as Carter Glass of Virginia and Pat Harrison of Mississippi bear toward President Hoover. Like all such groups, the anti-Administration faction suffers from the fact that it springs from such unstable instincts as hatred, ambition and the scorn of men whose advice has been rejected.

We are, therefore, surprised that the coalition has been able to agree at all. We understand it has been due in large part to the guile which Norris and La Follette have shown in keeping Borah irregular. Though Norris and La Follette are the brains and the leaders of the insurgents, they prefer that Borah accept the rôle of generalissimo. He was Mr. Hoover's ablest champion in the presidential campaign, and his participation serves to show the coalition is actuated only by holy motives. Moreover, his name carries a certain prestige both inside and outside the Senate. Of late, however, he has shown signs of restlessness. To counteract Borah's constitutional tendency to return to regularity after a show of insurgency, Norris and La Follette must appeal to his weakness for headlines. They hold their meetings in his office each afternoon and defer, or seem to, to his suggestions. They permit him to act as their official spokesman both on and off the floor. We have derived much amusement from seeing Borah, the political magician, so bamboozled. Now, we hear, the good-natured gossip concerning his credulity has reached his ears, and he may soon turn his eloquence against his comrades quite as effectively as he has used it against his dear but disdainful friend in the White House. We fear Borah's repentance, if it does come, will be too late to do him much good downtown, for Mr. Hoover grows wrathy at the mere mention of his old advocate's name and senatorial sinfulness.

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Mr. Hoover: "Well, I'll try this ear"

But Borah has not been an unmitigated asset to the coalitionists. He has so many enemies that his support for any group or program tends to create adverse currents of feeling. We get word that Hiram Johnson of California stubbornly declines to become a wholehearted "jackass" because of his unwillingness to work alongside the Idahoan. The dour Senator from Mr. Hoover's state, whose days are given to regretful and revengeful thoughts, cannot abide Borah because of the latter's desertion of the Progressive cause—that is, of Hiram—in 1912, 1920 and 1924. We are sorry to learn of the existence of this old grudge between such genially grumpy feudists. We do not pretend to judge between them, but we think there may be some reason for Borah's reported comment on Hiram's attitude. "Yes," said Borah, according to senatorial legend, "if he and I were crossing the desert with a pint of water between us, he would want to carry it."

"Cyarter" Glass, as his friends refer to the high-strung southerner, grows restive at his association with the insurgents. The Virginian prides himself upon his sense of political restraint, and, like Borah, dreads lest his reputation suffer injury from his present performances. But Glass, we believe, would take a chance on such a casualty rather than miss any occasion for hurting the Administration. As one of Woodrow Wilson's worshippers, he has never forgotten Mr. Hoover for utilizing opportunities furnished by a Democratic Administration to become a Republican President. In this attitude Glass has the sympathy and support of most of the Democrats from below the Mason and Dixon line. Glass, for instance, likes Mr. Hoover only a little more than he does the Right Rev. James W. Cannon, Jr., Bishop of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, and they say the Senator never lapsed into near-profanity until he met the good Bishop.

A. F. C.

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Prosperity and Politics

An Editorial by Lindsay Rogers

CAN THE "policies" of a political party bring about prosperity or avoid depression? Republican politicians answer "Yes," at least in campaign speeches. Perhaps when they talk privately they are less positive. They may even agree with the economists who chorus "No" when asked whether prosperity can be Republican or Democratic. No one will deny, however, that a large portion of the electorate is inclined to blame a period of depression on the party then in power. Politics may not influence prosperity but prosperity—or the lack of it—influences politics.

Man does not live by bread alone but by catch phrases, Stevenson once said; and catch phrases have been important in catching the vote of the American electorate. In his novel, *Coningsby,* Disraeli tells of two English political agents who were greatly concerned by the problem of a campaign cry for their party. Candidates and program were much less important than the party slogan. "Ancient institutions and modern ameliorations" was discarded, even though "ameliorations" seemed a good word because "nobody knows exactly what it means." "Tory men, Whig measures" was unsatisfactory also but finally this campaign cry was approved: "Our young Queen and our old institutions." It was selected because it sounded well and meant absolutely nothing.

In the United States the current successor of "the full dinner pail," which was meaningless, is "Republican prosperity," which is equally meaningless. The party platform attributed the prosperity of the country to the wisdom of Republican policies. Republican orators repeated this claim in various forms and prophesied dire happenings in the event of Democratic success. President Hoover is too good an economist to believe such fallacies. Occasionally, however, as in his speech of acceptance, he indirectly encouraged the legend. "We"—referring to the Republican party—"have equipped nine million more homes with electricity;" "we have doubled savings deposits," and so on through a list of marvelous achievements. It would have been just as true to say that "We"—again referring to the Republican party—have given the country an increase in inmates of insane asylums and jails.

For the plain fact of the matter is that economists and statisticians can trace no causal connection between periods of depression and prosperity and periods of Democratic or Republican rule in Washington. While Mr. Hoover was Secretary of Commerce, reports prepared by his expert staff analyzed American prosperity in entirely different terms. Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, Vice President of the Cleveland Trust Company, examining the months of depression and months of prosperity during a period of forty years, discovered that there was one half of one per cent difference between the months under Democratic administrations and the months under Republican administrations. The brilliant work which economists have recently done on business cycles shows that prosperity and depression tend to appear in all industrial nations at the same time. If the argument that politics conditions prosperity is true, then the success of the Republican party should keep Germany from experiencing a period of depression. A great many American voters believe, nevertheless, that the country is more prosperous under a Republican than under a Democratic administration.

From this angle the recent unpleasantness in the stock market may perhaps be useful. I say "perhaps" because fixed ideas in politics are hard to eradicate. The greatest stock market crash in history occurred under a Republican administration. Of course only the inflated values of securities were deflated. The market débâcle, as a host of persons have assured us, means no sharp change in business and industrial conditions. Stock market prices are one thing. Prosperity is something else. It will nevertheless be much more difficult in the future to maintain that the Republican party has a monopoly of prosperity. "How about the stock market?" some one will ask. The old potency of the Republican war cry may have vanished.

TO THE economists and statisticians it has been plain for some months that the country has been headed toward a period of depression. President Hoover's recent activities are therefore a most interesting experiment. He is endeavoring to see whether the approaching depression can be made milder or shorter. How far will the acceleration of construction and expenditures already contemplated, and the commencement of construction which was not contemplated stimulate business conditions so that the period of depression may be eased through? If President Hoover's efforts meet with success the achievement will not be a Republican one. Any President would have attempted to do precisely the same things. Mr. Hoover may be doing them admirably because of his experience in the Department of Commerce and because his professional past gives business men considerable confidence in him. This is a fortunate personal and not a party accident. If, happily, the approaching period of depression—which was imminent entirely apart from what happened in the stock market—is shortened so that the average man is not painfully conscious of it, the country will be done a great service, the economists will be given much interesting data, and the Republican politicians will be confronted by a problem.

What slogan will they use in the next campaign? They can hardly argue that a Republican administration is synonymous with prosperity because President Hoover's efforts to shorten the period of depression will still be fresh in the public mind. Perhaps the argument will be that the Republican party is the only one equipped to bring the country through hard times which come by reason of the inexorable oscillation of the business cycle. Such an argument, however, scraps the campaign cry which has recently been successful. Those interested in clear thinking in politics, therefore, are able to derive some comfort from the events of the last few weeks.

The recent Wall Street crash may, after all, be of value. It may convince the voters that neither political party has a monopoly on prosperity. Professor Rogers teaches public law at Columbia University and is an associate editor of the Political Science "Quarterly"

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The Ghost of Phineas Quimby

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

Within five years after the Massachusetts Metaphysical College had opened, Christian Science and Mrs. Eddy were known throughout the nation. Then returned the ghost of Phineas Quimby; in the person of Julius Dresser. For years the "Quimby Controversy" raged. Mrs. Springer, in the eighth instalment, examines the dispute as to the true founder of "mental healing." She also examines the reports that Mrs. Eddy used morphine

FIVE YEARS after Asa Gilbert Eddy's death, five years after the establishment of Christian Science in Boston and the opening of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College on Columbus Avenue, Mrs. Eddy paid $40,000 for a residence on fashionable Commonwealth Avenue, her name was known in every city of the United States and many cities abroad, and the *Christian Science Journal* carried advertisements of nineteen Christian Science institutes and academies.

This certainly brilliant achievement was only the beginning of the great organization and the powerful church that followed it. The success of Christian Science has been attributed by its enemies to the vast gullibility of the human race; by its defenders to the fact that it is the true science of being, that it has brought healing and prosperity to the lives of untold thousands, and restored the lost religion of Jesus Christ. By the rest of the world the success of Christian Science is said to be due to the almost uncanny shrewdness of Mrs. Eddy as a business woman.

"Superstition," says Ludwig Wittgenstein, "is the belief in a casual nexus,"—a quotation so far from its context here that its appropriateness is gained by contrast. The superstition of big business is proverbial. One hears business men exhibit a sort of awe when speaking of Mrs. Eddy's shrewdness.

Mrs. Eddy was forced to become a business woman, an organizer, a diplomatist. She went at business with the simplicity and direction of a child. When she found herself in a tight place, she extricated herself by the natural wile and secret diplomacy of a child. In later years, she discovered that she had not been far wrong in her methods, and so with a few added devices, which she called "circuitous and novel ways," continued to build up her reputation as a business woman of shrewdness and acumen.

When, in the fall of 1882, following the débâcle of Mr. Eddy's death, Mrs. Eddy came down from her summer's rest and recuperation in the mountains to reopen her Metaphysical College and begin her work again, she moved from the house at 569 Columbus Avenue (probably to escape the malicious animal magnetism directed toward it at the time of Mr. Eddy's death), and now occupied the house next door, No. 571, with a small group of students with whom she had now set up a community household. Arthur Buswell was her chief male practitioner and adviser in business affairs. Calvin Frye, who had entered her employ never to leave it again while she lived, had charge of all the small practical affairs of the household. He kept the books, did the marketing, ran errands for Mrs. Eddy, employed the servants, and devoted himself to the leader and her cause with a singleness of purpose which continued throughout the years to follow, and won for him a place in the leader's confidence and so powerful a position in her household and her life that it came to be said in her later years that their positions were reversed, that Mrs. Eddy came under the control of Calvin Frye, and took orders from him as he had once taken them from her.

Calvin Frye succeeded in becoming the most enigmatic figure in the history of the Christian Science Church. Whether his character was so simple as to be an enigma, or so complex that it was incomprehensible, no one will ever know. Soft-footed, silent, suave, he entered Mrs. Eddy's household in 1882, and soft-footed, silent, suave, he moved through the rooms of the vast mansion at Chestnut Hill on the day of Mrs. Eddy's death. It was said that for twenty-five years Calvin Frye had never been outside the call of Mrs. Eddy's voice. Coachman, footman, secretary, bodyguard, and errand boy—no task and no position was too menial for him to assume. Dark powers have been attributed to him. It was said that he came to wield an evil, hypnotic control over Mrs. Eddy, that under his calm exterior he plotted to seize her fortune and her church. It has also been said that Mrs. Eddy held Calvin Frye under her hypnotic spell. When two people exhibit the symptoms of being mutually hypnotized, we are certainly faced with the conclusion that each has hypnotized himself. But all these stories are out of the later years.

CALVIN FRYE was the son of a scholarly father who had graduated from Harvard in the class with Emerson, Edward Loring and Francis Cabot, but later fell upon misfortune and an illness which left him too lame and incapacitated for active life. He thereafter kept a small grocery store, and married Lydia Barnard, who bore him four children and presently became insane, remaining so, except for a few brief intervals, until her death at an advanced age. She begged to be cared for at home, and for twelve years was the charge of Calvin's widowed sister, Lydia Frye Roaf. It was through the mother's illness that Lydia Roaf and her brother Calvin came in contact with Christian Science. Mrs. Roaf had called in a practitioner and for a time the miracle of the mother's recovery seemed to have been accomplished. Both Lydia Roaf and Calvin Frye became ardent students of Christian Science and later members of Mrs. Eddy's household. Calvin had learned the machinist's trade and was working in a machine shop in North Andover when Mrs. Eddy sent for him to take his place permanently in the house. He was then thirty-seven years of age and certainly at that time presented merely the appearance of an inarticulate, not too intelligent, but entirely devoted disciple.

The new headquarters were plainly furnished, and each resident student contributed his share toward the expenses of the house. The parlors on the main floor were fitted as lecture and consultation rooms, and certain hours were set apart for each student practitioner to receive his patients. As announced by the large silver plate on the door, this was the Massachusetts Metaphysical College. Of this college

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Mrs. Eddy was president and, except for a few minor courses given at intervals by special students, its sole instructor during the nine years of its existence.

The Sunday services of the Church were held in Chickering Hall on Tremont Street, and many who listened to the Reverend Mary B. G. Eddy preach on Sunday, came to receive the instruction of "Professor Eddy" at the college on Columbus Avenue. Students of intelligence, character and education now joined her classes. There were presently such valuable recruits as Mrs. Ursula Gestefeld of Chicago, Dr. J. W. Winkley, a Unitarian minister, and his wife; Mrs. Emma Hopkins, the Rev. Frank E. Mason, and a little later, Mrs. Augusta Stetson. Mrs. Josephine Woodbury and her husband, and Mrs. Clara Choate and her husband, were already ardent converts and practitioners.

In 1883 two major forces were added to the Christian Science movement. They would seem almost of equal importance in the history of Christian Science and Mary Baker Eddy. The first was the launching of the *Christian Science Journal,* the beginning of that tremendous tide of publicity for Christian Science which was later to flow out from Boston in dailies, weeklies and monthlies to the remotest ends of America. The second was literally carried by the first, for the little eight-page monthly, bearing hope and the message of healing to far away sick-rooms and despairing homes bore also the unmistakable news that on the eastern shore of the Atlantic a wonder and a miracle had appeared. The Divine Revelation had once more been vouchsafed to a mortal. Christian Science by which the sick were healed, the dead revived, and sin cast out, was a revelation from God. In that year the apotheosis of Mary Baker Eddy had begun.

Although the first issue of the *Journal* carried a "prospectus" in which Mrs. Eddy averred that "we shall claim no especial gifts from our divine origin, or any supernatural power," the gifts and powers were readily claimed for her by her followers, and the succeeding issues of the *Journal* are filled with contributions apostrophizing her as "God's messenger to this age," and drawing the parallel between her mission and that of Jesus Christ.

The claim of divine revelation was forced upon Mrs. Eddy by her denial of Phineas P. Quimby. It was forced upon her by the exigencies of her own strange logic which compelled her to complete a syllogism once she had assumed a premise from which she could proceed. She had not derived her science from Quimby. She had not derived it from any mortal. Therefore it had come from God. The first edition of *Science and Health* had made no claim to revelation. In her preface she had merely said, "We made our first discovery that science mentally applied would heal the sick in 1864, and since then have tested it ourselves and hundreds of others, and never found it fail to prove the statement herein made of it."

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CALVIN A. FRYE

Who became the most enigmatic figure in the history of the Christian Science Church

She did not offer any explanation of the circumstances of that discovery, but since it was in 1864 that she took up her "pupilage" under Quimby in Portland, and in that year made her first attempt at healing, and gave her first lectures on Quimby's theories, the implication of the date is clear.

But now in the year 1883, when her star seemed to be in the ascendency, the ghost of the long-dead Quimby rose up to confound her again.

In the fall of 1882 Mr. Julius Dresser, Quimby's former patient, student, and close friend, had returned to the East after some years spent in California, and had begun to practice and teach mental healing by the Quimby method in Boston. Here he found Mrs. Eddy with her Metaphysical College established on Columbus Avenue claiming to be the "founder and discoverer" of the system of healing she had acquired from Quimby many years before, and teaching that system now strangely overlaid and infused with her extraordinary doctrine of evil or malicious animal magnetism.

It will be remembered that Julius Dresser was the man considered to have had the best understanding of Quimby's ideas, that it was he who had given Mrs. Patterson (as Mrs. Eddy was then known) the copy of the Questions and Answers manuscript, and had lent her his copy of the manuscript known as "Volume I.". It was Mr. Dresser to whom Mrs. Patterson wrote after Quimby's death enclosing her poem "Lines on the Death of Dr. P. P. Quimby, Who Healed with the Truth That Christ Taught in Contradistinction to All Isms," and hoping that Mr. Dresser would take up Quimby's work since he was "more capable of occupying his place than any other I know of." She had also told Mr. Dresser of the fall on the ice two weeks before and her fear that she would become the "helpless cripple" she was before she saw Dr. Quimby. Would Mr. Dresser help her? "I think that I could help another in my condition if they had not placed their intelligence in matter. This I have not done, and yet I am slowly failing. Won't you write me if you will undertake for me if I can get to you?"

Early in February, 1883, a letter signed "A. O." appeared in the Boston *Post,* entitled "The Founder of the Mental Method of Treating Disease," in which the facts concerning Quimby, acquired from Mr. Dresser, were set forth. Promptly on February 19th a letter signed "E. G." and purporting to be written by a former patient of Quimby's, but bearing a startling likeness to Mrs. Eddy's style, was printed in the *Post* with the announcement that Quimby had been a mere mesmerist and trickster.

The controversy thus begun continued through many years, with the Quimby supporters reiterating their statements concerning Quimby's practice and his theories, and with Mrs. Eddy attempting to counteract these statements with increasingly desperate denials, repudiations and contradictory assertions in print.

In 1887, four years after the controversy had begun in the Boston *Post,* Mr. Dresser published a pamphlet entitled *The True History of Mental Science,* in which he set forth in detail the history of Mrs. Eddy's connection

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with Quimby, and reprinted her contributions to the Portland *Courier* at the time she was Quimby's patient. Those contributions from her own pen were a sad blow to Mrs. Eddy, for in them she had stoutly maintained all of the positions now held by the Quimby defenders, and more. But Mrs. Eddy had now carried her denials so far that any retreat was impossible. The *Christian Science Journal* for June, 1887, appeared with its leading article ten pages long called "Mind-healing History" by Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy, in which she reaffirmed all of her claims, denounced Mr. Dresser who, she said, "has loosed from the leash his pet poodle, alternately to bark and whine at my heels;" denounced Quimby as a mesmerist, whose "healing was never considered or called anything but Mesmerism," declared that she had "never heard him intimate that he healed disease mentally," or make any explanation at all of his method of healing. Referring to a former student of her own, now apparently gone over to the Quimby supporters, she called him "That suckling litterateur, Mr. Marston, whom I taught, and whose life I saved three years ago, but who now squeaks out an echo of Mr. Dresser's abuse."

Fortified by this last stunning denunciation of a subsidiary character in the drama, she is ready for her own ingenious and extraordinary defense of the Portland *Courier* articles.

"Did I write those articles, in Mr. Dresser's pamphlet, purporting to be mine? I might have written them, twenty or thirty years ago, for I was under the mesmeric treatment of Dr. Quimby from 1862 until his death, in 1865. He was illiterate, and I knew nothing then of the Science of Mind-healing; and I was as ignorant of Mesmerism as Eve, before she was taught by the serpent. Mind-science was unknown to me; and my head was so turned by Animal Magnetism and will-power, under his treatment, that I might have written something as hopelessly incorrect as the articles now published in the Dresser pamphlet."

Having said that she "knew nothing then of the science of Mind-healing," and "Mind-science was unknown to me," she follows it a few pages further on with this statement:

"As long ago as 1844 I was convinced that mortal mind produced all disease, and that the various medical systems were in no proper sense Scientific. In 1862, when I first visited Mr. Quimby, I was proclaiming—to druggists, spiritualists, and mesmerists—that Science must govern all healing." She had made various shifts in the date of her discovery. (In the Boston *Post*, March 7, 1883, she had said "We had laid the foundations of mental healing before we ever saw Dr. Quimby; were an homeopathist without a diploma, owing to our aversion to the dissecting room. We made our first experiments in mental healing about 1853.") In order to prove that her discovery of Christian Science by revelation had taken place after

LYDIA FRYE ROAF

Sister of Calvin Frye, who also became a member of Mrs. Eddy's household

Quimby's death, it was necessary for her to declare that she knew nothing of it at the time of her contact with Quimby, and so was easily deceived by him. But in order to prove that she was superior to Quimby, and that he was in effect her pupil and not she his, it was necessary to declare that she knew about Mind-science and had practised it many years before. Mrs. Eddy and her followers explained these discrepancies apparently to their own complete satisfaction. The shifting of dates is really unimportant, since the fact of her derivation from and debt to Quimby is clear to any mind not already so practised in denials that no evidence can be received.

In the same article she declares that in 1862 she had been Quimby's only defender and that when she had "believed that Mr. Quimby had healed me, I naturally wrote and talked as if his method must be genuine Science, and I was too proud to believe it could be aught else. . . . The last time I saw him, he said, 'You have made me all I am in Portland.'"

In the 1884 edition of *Science and Health*, three years before the publication of the above article, she had written:

"The old gentleman to whom we have referred had some very advanced views on healing, but he was not avowedly religious nor scholarly. We interchanged thoughts on the subject of healing the sick. I restored some patients of his that he failed to heal, and left in his possession some manuscripts of mine containing corrections of the desultory pennings. . . . He died in 1865 and left no published works. The only manuscript that we ever held of his, longer than to correct it, was one of perhaps a dozen pages, most of which we had composed."

This was apparently a reference to the Questions and Answers manuscript, several copies of which (with its heading Extracts from the Writings of Dr. P. P. Quimby) she realized were still in the hands of early students of hers to whom she had given them, and these old copies might rise to confront her any day, as they later did.

The evidence in the Quimby controversy is voluminous. It has been set forth at length by Georgine Milmine in her *Life of Mary Baker G. Eddy and History of Christian Science*, and in Horatio W. Dresser's *The Quimby Manuscripts*, and any cursory examination of the records will produce a dozen additional bits of testimony as to the facts. Enough only has been given her to establish the basis and outline of the controversy, and to give the tone and temper of Mrs. Eddy's response to the clearly unanswerable charge.

From the time when Mrs. Eddy first saw that a denial of Quimby would be necessary to support her claim as discoverer, she had begun to advance the date of her recovery from the fall on the ice in Lynn two weeks after Quimby's death, to first place in her chronology. In the first edition of *Science and Health* (1875; nine years after the date now claimed as that of her "revelation") she mentions the occasion of the fall and her subsequent recovery quite casually on page 343, referring to it with no more emphasis than is placed upon a number of such incidents; indeed the emphasis is less than that placed upon her recovery from chronic dyspepsia. Yet today one may read the most stirring accounts of

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the revelation in Lynn. They are included in all the canonical histories, in *Science and Health,* in Mrs. Eddy's autobiography, and she states and restates the circumstances of her revelation in many of her other works. In *Retrospection and Introspection* she says:

"It was in Massachusetts, in February, 1866, and after the death of the magnetic doctor, Mr. P. P. Quimby, whom spiritualists would associate therewith, but who was in no wise connected with this event, that I discovered the Science of divine metaphysical healing which I afterwards named Christian Science. The discovery came to pass in this way. During twenty years prior to my discovery I had been trying to trace all physical effects to a mental cause; and in the latter part of 1866 I gained the scientific certainty that all causation was Mind, and every effect a mental phenomenon.

"My immediate recovery from the effects of an injury caused by an accident, an injury that neither medicine nor surgery could reach, was the falling apple that led me to the discovery how to be well myself, and how to make others so."

The physician who attended Mrs. Eddy at the time of her fall on the ice, Dr. Alvin M. Cushing of Lynn, made an affidavit many years later, which is given in full in Miss Milmine's book, in which he stated the facts, according to his office records and to his own memory still clear on the subject. In this affidavit he says that he made seven professional calls on Mrs. Patterson within the five days succeeding the fall on the ice, prescribed and administered medicines, and that on the day of his final call, thirteen days after the fall, she seemed to be fully recovered; and that Mrs. Patterson did not suggest to him that on the third or any other day she had miraculously recovered.

The version of the recovery accepted by Christian Scientists is that "the skilled physicians declared that there was absolutely no hope for her, and pronounced the verdict that she had but three days to live;" that on the third day after the fall she asked her attendants to leave the room, whereupon she opened her Bible and lifted her heart to God. In that moment, according to the Authorized Life, "all pain evanesced into bliss, all discord in her physical body melted into harmony, all sorrow was translated into rapture. She recognized this state as her rightful condition of a child of God. Love invaded her, life lifted her, truth irradiated her. God said to her, 'Daughter, arise!'" Mrs. Patterson arose, dressed, and walked into the parlor where her clergyman and friends were gathered for their "last words on earth with the sufferer who they believed was dying. They arose in consternation at her appearance, almost believing they beheld an apparition. She quietly reassured them and explained the manner of her recovery, calling them to witness it." They were, says Miss Wilbur, the first doubters.

It is pointed out that Mrs. Patterson's letter to Julius Dresser asking his help and treatment was written on February 14, two weeks after the fall. It is also pointed out that Mrs. Eddy based her claim that Quimby was a mesmerist upon the fact that he manipulated his patient's heads, and that Mrs. Eddy herself practised and taught "manipulation" for six years after her revelation.

THE FACT that Mrs. Eddy derived her basic theory from Phineas P. Quimby does nothing to invalidate what is of value in Christian Science. So much importance is given to the subject of the derivation here solely for the reason that Mrs. Eddy herself conceived it to be of supreme importance and that she allowed it to exercise an influence over her life second to no other and hardly to be estimated in its effect. It is this writer's belief that Mrs. Eddy's denial of Quimby delivered a wound to her emotional body from which she did not recover, and from which she suffered all the days of her life.

If this be thought fantastic, it should be remembered that Mrs. Eddy was the victim of fantasies.

It is true that even Mrs. Eddy's enemies, in their effort to show the inferiority and the irrationality of her mental processes, have held that she really did progress by stages to the literal belief that she had received nothing of her theory from Quimby. But her healing at Quimby's hands and her adoption of his doctrines, were the turning point in her life. The details of that experience were part of her deeply emotional memory. She may have forgotten and rationalized away many other things, but she never forgot or succeeded in rationalizing to herself the fact that she had repudiated the man from whom she had received the ideas and the impetus upon which she had built her success.

Now, when her own pupils, having received the same ideas and impetus from her, deserted and disavowed her, proceeding to successes of their own, her fears and her uneasy conscience could be plainly heard in her impassioned and hysterical denunciations. To deny her became the cardinal sin.

That these deserting students said little, making no counter charges, but only ceasing to credit her or to mention her name, made their sin the more monstrous. Their "silent mental attacks" were directed against her life. Their subtle diabolism brought back upon her, as before in Lynn, the old "spinal inflammation" from which she had suffered so long before she sought Quimby's aid. The demons had only to direct the malevolent power of their murderous thoughts toward her as she lay asleep in the dark watches of the night, and she would wake screaming with agony and fear.

And now Calvin Frye, as Gilbert Eddy had done in Lynn, would scurry through the halls and summon the students to treat against the enemy. When the Leader was at her worst the practitioners did not relax their labors for a moment during the night. One at a time, in two-hour shifts, they were admitted to her bedroom, so that she was never alone. This arrangement, instituted by Calvin Frye, became an established custom, and existed during the Leader's illnesses until the end of her life. In her last years the "watches" were continually kept throughout the nights.

Whatever the cause, or however imaginary the illnesses of Mrs. Eddy were, her suffering and mental agony were both intense and real. From the descriptions, these attacks appear to have been of exactly the same nature as the attacks she had suffered in her youth—sometimes cataleptic, sometimes convulsive, and always hysterical.

The reports that Mrs. Eddy often resorted to the use of morphine to quiet the pain in these attacks are too numerous to overlook. It is said that Mrs. Eddy, having had the drug prescribed for her in her early illnesses, now often found herself unable to cope with the pain without it, and that none but her closest students knew of its use. It is quite true that all of these reports have come from disaffected students of Mrs. Eddy's, or from sources which can hardly be said to be

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"We Have Changed All That"

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

Mr. Scroggs, whose page on business and finance appears each week, here analyzes the new economic theories fashioned to justify the lamented bull market

RECENT EVENTS in the stock market are still too close at hand to permit us to view them in their proper perspective. We are reasonably sure of the main causes of the great crash, but the time has not yet come when we can weigh the various influences which were at work in the market and assign to each its relative importance. Probably there will always be differences of opinion regarding the causes of the stock market panic of 1929, just as there are still differences of opinion regarding similar disturbances in other years. There are many intelligent men today who still blame Theodore Roosevelt for the panic of 1907, and only a few days ago a prominent Pennsylvania manufacturer solemnly assured his auditors that the panic of 1893 was caused by the tariff of 1894. There need be little wonder, then, if there is a clash of opinion as to the origin of our latest bit of financial unpleasantness.

An enumeration of the many causes which have been assigned to the market crisis of 1929 makes an interesting potpourri. These are some of the ingredients: inexperienced traders; shoestring speculators; big pools of bull operators; big pools of bear operators; foreign loans; the withdrawal of European capital; investment trusts; brokers' loans; the slackening of industrial activity; abnormally high interest rates; the cheap money policy of the Federal Reserve Board; the dear money policy of the Federal Reserve Board; the Bank of England; the United States Senate; the international bankers of New York; the tax on capital gains; and the glut of undigested securities.

It is needless to discuss these causes, real or alleged, in detail. Some of them are obviously not causes at all, but only symptoms, and we may best leave a discussion of the others to a more suitable occasion when we are further removed from the tumult and the shouting of those strenuous days of October and November in Wall Street.

As President Hoover intimated in his recent message to Congress, stocks came down because they were too high, and if we would know the reason for their collapse we must understand why they kept on going up. In the wisdom which always appears after the event, the follies and extravagances which underlay the last stage of the great bull market are now perfectly plain. Past experience indicated clearly what was likely to be the end. Danger signals had been pointed out by conservative financiers, but they were ignored by thousands who in other matters were at least ordinarily prudent. Many financial leaders to whom the community customarily looked for counsel declared that what seemed to be warning signs really meant nothing at all. And to all citations of past experience they had one stereotyped answer, spoken with an air of finality: "We have changed all that."

WHENCE CAME this delusion? Primarily, the wish was father to the thought. If the market were not in a "new era," if action was still to be offset by reaction, as in the past, then the final result of the greatest stock-market boom in history was a fearful thing to contemplate. Most people refused to contemplate it. As Patrick Henry once said, it is natural for men to indulge in the fond delusions of hope. And so, bit by bit, followers of the market began to build up a new theory which would confirm their hopes and calm their fears.

Some learned economists became infected with the new notion and lent their talents to its propagation. Here are some of the principal theses, put forward when the boom was at its peak:

1. The upward trend of stock prices is not due to inflation, but merely reflects the country's great forward strides in business.

2. Stocks are still relatively cheap, because of the great increase in corporate earnings.

3. There is no danger of a recession, because (a) trading accounts are protected by adequate margins, and (b) investment trusts will exert a stabilizing influence by buying heavily on any minor reactions in the market.

4. Since the country will continue to grow in wealth and to increase in its productive efficiency, the value of the equities behind stocks must steadily increase, and the rise in prices should continue.

5. The huge increase in brokers' loans is no indication of credit inflation, but merely reflects the country's industrial expansion.

6. The real speculator is not the buyer of stocks but the buyer of bonds.

7. The theory that business, and with it the stock market, moves in cycles—booms alternating with slumps—is a figment of the imagination.

This system of neo-economics could not have pleased the bull operators better if it had been made to their order. It carried reassurance to many minds which had become perplexed by the prolonged rise of stocks to heights which neither current earnings nor industrial prospects seemed to justify. And it gave to all who would be bullish the final and crushing reply to the still small voice of past experience: "We have changed all that."

Not all fallacies are 100 per cent wrong. Frequently they carry a stratum of truth imbedded in their error. There is some truth in this talk of a "new era." We may note signs of it in the greater productivity of labor and management. There is also some basis for the claim that stocks have moved to a permanently higher level, if we take the prewar level or the deflated level of 1921 as the point of departure. Even the assertion that "We have changed all that" has something to support it, if it is applied to the field of general business and not to the stock-market.

But because general business has attained this degree of relative stability, it does not follow that stock-market operators can sin against economic law with impunity. The neo-economists seemed to think so. The damage which they have wrought by creating over-optimism cannot be told. Every one of their major tenets has been proved wrong—absolutely wrong, and since the débâcle of October-November their new-fangled doctrines have become utterly discredited. Fundamental economic principles have not changed, and any attempt to flout them is as certain as ever to bring condign punishment.

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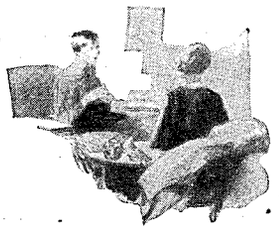
"Today this woman has nearly $50,000"



"Her friends often asked her wistfully how she managed never to lose in investments."

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"On the other hand there is Mrs. B— whose investments I have handled for over 20 years. Mrs. B— never, in all that time, has invested without consulting me—and I, on my side, have put her only into conservative investments.

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"She told me the other day that her friends often asked her rather wistfully how she managed never to lose in investments. They themselves lost, they told her, oftener than they won."

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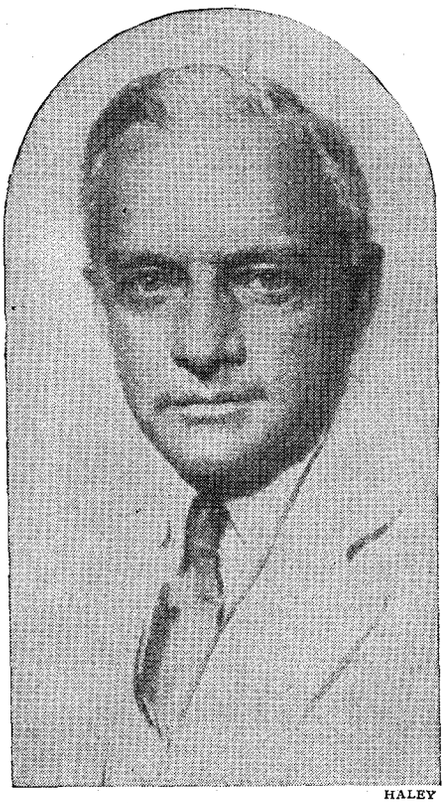
The average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice. Here he will learn how much he can reasonably expect to get, in income, without jeopardizing safety. He will learn how the principle of diversification establishes another fundamental safeguard for his money. Here, too, the average investor can expect an understanding and intelligent diagnosis of his own individual needs.



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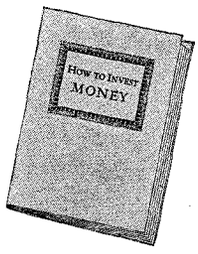

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For Adults Only

By JOHN R. TUNIS

THAT should be the title of the stimulating and valuable work on sports by Dr. Frederick Rand Rogers, the Director of Health Education of New York, entitled *The Future of Interscholastic Athletics*. This book, published by Columbia University, is the most constructive, straightforward bit of thinking that has been done on American sports, not even excepting the Carnegie Report, for many years. It is of the greatest importance to every one interested in American athletics; but more particularly to every adult interested in children, teachers, physical educators and specially all parents.

But this book is not merely a book about sports; it is a book about education and therefore a book about life. And one of the most thought provoking parts is that in which he differentiates between the proper and improper functions of scholastic officials. "The chief fault of teachers," he points out, "is the reduction of pupil planned and controlled extra-curricular activities to the level of curricular activities."

Let us define curricular activities as roughly those pursuits which take place in the classroom during regular school hours, and extra-curricular activities as those which take place or are held outside the classroom after school hours. Thus a class in geometry might be considered a curricular activity whereas a meeting of the school debating society would be an instance of extra-curricular activity. Now the teacher has complete charge of the activities of the pupil from nine until two in the afternoon; in the evening the scholar is under parental control, with the athletic director or coach taking control in the afternoon. Yet it is often remarked that the American college youth is younger than the Britisher of the same age; in view of the supervision to which he is subjected is it any wonder that the child in this country comes more slowly to intellectual and moral power?

Thus among the extra-curricular activities controlled and supervised by teachers, Dr. Rogers mentions the dramatic societies where the teacher selects the cast, orders rehearsals and drills the players; the school magazine or newspaper which is supervised and censored by the head of the English department, the orchestra which is the plaything of the music teacher, and so forth and so on. All this as he points out is bad enough; but in the athletic field often no semblance of freedom whatever remains.

Thus the gridiron or the diamond becomes the parade ground of the coach, the scholars are subject to regular training schedules, ordered and governed in much the same way as in the classrooms. The classroom, in fact, has even invaded athletics, for the "skull practice," or regular examinations over the rules, the signals, or the fine points of the game are often as much a part of the successful scholastic coach as of his superior, the head of the college athletic factory.

But, you will often hear it said; the boys need adult supervision. They cannot run their own newspaper, they cannot turn out football elevens, they cannot put over a big affair like a school play without the help and assistance of the teacher. The answer is rubbish. Not many generations ago American boys of high school age were sailing clipper ships around the world, men were sea captains at 22. Even as late as the last decade every officer who served in France will remember that among his best non-commissioned officers were boys who had come directly from the fields of a high school where they needed the help of an adult to assist them in their games!

VERY OFTEN, as Dr. Rogers points out, it is not the fault of the teacher that the pupil's extra-curricular activities are interfered with. For various reasons interference may be insisted upon by higher authorities. Thus local business men may bring pressure to bear to produce a championship baseball or basketball team, the principal of a high school may insist on a perfect orchestra, or a senior play as well done as a Broadway show. These demands can best be met by educating the parents of pupils to realize that curricular activities, the hours in the schoolroom, belong to the teacher, whereas the hours spent outside the schoolroom should, in reality, belong to the pupil.

Has the adult no concern in these extra-curricular activities? Yes, and his concern is best exemplified by the position of the scholastic football coach in many high schools both in New York State and in other parts of the country. This coach does not attempt to dictate how the game shall be conducted; his function is one of guidance and supervision, not one of interference or dictation in the conduct of what after all is essentially an extra-curricular activity and therefore a matter for the students to govern themselves.

WHAT IN practice would be the actual results of such a program of non-interference with extra-curricular activities by teachers? One result would immediately be a great lessening in technical skill and a lowering in form of scholastic athletics. Championship football and basketball squads would become mediocre squads. High school plays instead of being produced and performed in a semi-professional manner would be full of the apparent errors of the amateur actor. Newspapers, debating societies, bands and orchestras, all other extra-curricular activities would suffer accordingly.

Any adult who finds the school orchestra less harmonious than usual, or discovers that the school play is more full of errors than formerly, can then console himself with the reflection that "Youth is a time of learning, learning means making mistakes," and pay his money for professional entertainment. Which, after all, is where he belongs.

Every one who read the Carnegie Report on American college athletics carefully will remember the following sentence in the last chapter: "Those in charge of school athletics are giving daily increased evidence of disposition and ability to deal with their problems effectually. Indeed, if the salutary changes already begun in school athletics are permitted full, sincere and constant development, they will in the course of say ten or fifteen years materially modify college athletics for the better." Even a casual acquaintance with facts will show the truth of this statement. Sometimes one feels that all reforms in American athletics must come, as they are coming, from the schools; if this is true, it is men like Frederick Rand Rogers who are showing us the way.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Presents from Nineteen-Twenty-Nine

IT IS SCARCELY proper for a book-reviewer, writing in a general weekly, to usurp the critic's function and discuss rising literary talents. But readers of these pages, following the new books and thinking about new writers, may be interested in opinions to compare with their own.

Nineteen-twenty-nine has introduced us, in America, to no profound critic, no powerful historian, no biographer likely to stand with the masters. A number of young men have written their first biographies, most of them insufficiently experienced in life and letters to contribute anything of value. Hartley Grattan, with good critical equipment, Robert Penn Warren and S. Guy Endore are typical of the best of them whose work is more distinguished for painstaking documentation than for particular wisdom. Francis Hackett, who turned in his *Henry the Eighth* from criticism to biography, promises to continue to give pleasure by his vivid recreations of historical scenes, picturesque writing and wit. Anita Brenner's stimulating survey of Mexican art showed a gift for impressionistic writing which, in spite of some obscurity, is energetic and warm, and should make her future critical work worth watching.

No new star of poetry has risen, although at least two already known show signs of planetary brilliance.

In fiction, however, several new names have a ring of authority. As a straight story-teller Pitts Sanborn, who comes from poetry and musical criticism, stands out. The poet in him captures the dream and knows where to find the telling word; the critic weighs values, sets impressions in order and remains aloof from his characters. But not all critics who turn novelist turn story-teller too. Edmund Wilson's first novel contains so little plot and so many digressions into literary criticism that it teeters on the edge of fiction. But it is rich in that criticism of life which is a fundamental requirement of the serious novel. For his brilliant observations of post-war New York, his shrewd analyses and his version of "Artist's Progress," no less than for his finished style, Wilson deserves to be placed among the new novelists worthy of consideration. W. R. Burnett in his first novel, *Little Caesar*, which pleased book-club judges, wrote of gang life in Chicago, using poster technique and telling his harsh story in abrupt American English. He hews to the line of his theme with vigor and directness, but he seems, to this reviewer, nothing more exciting than a deskmate for Morley Callaghan in Hemingway's branch of the Sherwood Anderson school. Among new women novelists, Dorothy Glaser, in a simple story, displayed a mystic apprehension of the workings of God's providence and a pure prose style which remind one of Thornton Wilder, the sudden star of two years past. Annie Kavanagh-Priest and Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, already known in other fields of literature, wrote of America in family chronicle novels, not dissimilar, *Memoirs of a Gothic American* and *Short as Any Dream*.[1] The style of each is imaginative, each asks if beauty forgotten is beauty lost, each describes the outwardly plain but inwardly well-furnished lives of earlier Americans, each raises a monument to New England ancestors. Elizabeth Sergeant is a better novelist though not a more powerful writer. But neither woman can be described as a novelist of great promise. Both write from a background of experience, wisdom and sympathy, and both are quite likely to have written their last with their first novels. This reviewer finds Thomas Wolfe the most important newcomer among American novelists. His book, *Look Homeward, Angel*,[2] is a typical American story, the story of the turbulent, frustrated Gants, their beginnings, rise and disintegration, and it portrays a typical American character in which gusto quarrels with wondering loneliness, and sensuality with fastidiousness, in which bravado masks a tragic sensitivity. It is chaotic, weighty, over-emotional, exhausting, often hard to follow, sometimes revolting, but always robust, always impassioned. It is full of faults, but they are not inglorious ones, and it is probable that the poise which recognition should give, and the discipline which his own intellect and character may administer, will shape Mr. Wolfe's next novel into a work as powerful and passionate as his first and stronger for being perfectly coordinated.

From "The Whirlwind" by W. S. Davis (Macmillan)

While we have been writing and reading these novels in America, what has England been doing? We read her books along with our own; our standards of literary values and comparison are the same as hers; and few of us can think of an American literature as distinct from an English, or will be able to until the day comes when another Chaucer appears to crystallize the particular mongrel tongue of his particular section of America and make it the American

1. Harper's.
2. Scribner's.

These books were received too late for detailed review in the Outlook.

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language. Among English novelists new to us this year, there are several of promise. H. W. Freeman, following an old and noble tradition, told in *Joseph and His Brethren* the ageless story of men who know and love the soil, need no other knowledge and serve no other mistress. Talent such as his is as old and as fresh as the broad ploughed fields of England, and will probably yield as consistently. Richard Hughes, with a great show of originality, is as surely a part of another, equally familiar tradition. His story of the voyage of children on a pirate ship is rich in poetry, understanding and humor which ranges from prime British nonsense to bitter irony. His portrayal of perfect innocence in the face of melodrama, of the unbridgable gap between the ethical conventions of adult life and the placid unmorality of childhood, and his skill in the dreamlike mingling of real and unreal mark a talent ripe and worth watching. Norah Hoult, to whose work our own Margery Latimer's is comparable, is an expert performer of "variations on the theme of despondency." Without much imagination, in a style rather forceful than graceful, she writes unsentimentally of women's need for men, and as an exploratory realist deserves attention. In historical fiction, despised by the toploftical, England has two talented women in Phoebe Gaye and Carola Oman. Their work is distinguished in style and rich in content and should continue to give great pleasure. Probably the most original and possibly the strongest new talent of the year in English fiction is Graham Greene's. His book, *The Man Within*,[3] is a remarkable study of the inward conflict of a dual nature. Superficially a story of Sussex smuggling with a picturesque and historically satisfactory background, it is actually a psychological adventure story, a melodrama of the body and mystery of the soul. In the purity, fluency and discipline of his style, in the originality of his conception and in his sure sense of fictional values, Graham Greene sets with his first novel a high standard for future work.

Are our new American writers as good as the new foreigners? An American novelist, speaking recently before a civic club startled his audience by comparing books to automobiles. He said that while America produces the largest number of cars of a certain standard of excellence and reliability, it is still necessary to go to Europe for cars of the finest workmanship and greatest durability: and that in literature, while we have a large number of writers of a high grade of excellence, we must still look abroad for our masterpieces. This is much more perfectly applicable to general literature than to fiction or poetry, arts which spring rather from emotion than from reflection, and the performance of which is primarily dependant upon intuition and passion rather than upon study, detachment and craft.

Not all the gifts of nineteen-twenty-nine have been welcome. But the year has given us some new literary talents. And books are the best presents.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. A warmly human story of young genius in New York marked by brilliant analysis. Reviewed Nov. 20.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War. Reviewed Oct. 16.

Diana, by Emil Ludwig: Viking. Michael Arlen, German style. Reviewed Dec. 18.

A Gallery of Women, by Theodore Dreiser: Liveright. Objective, mature and brilliant portraits of fifteen women. Reviewed Dec. 18.

Non-Fiction

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. Reviewed in this issue.

Richelieu, by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. A brilliant, highly readable historical essay with an interesting comparison of Richelieu to Bismarck. Reviewed Nov. 20.

Marriage and Morals, by Bertrand Russell: Liveright. A courageous and valuable study of modern marriage. Reviewed Oct. 23.

Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Times, by Bernard Fay: Little, Brown. To be reviewed.

Europe in Zigzags, by Sisley Huddleston: Lippincott. To be reviewed.

On the "Most Discussed Books" List

Windlestraws by Phyllis Bottome (Houghton, Mifflin $2.50) is the story of a triangle in British high society, and of how an outsider broke it up. Jean, a young woman whom the author finds brilliant and high-minded, but whom the reader may feel to be something of a gull and a good deal of a fool, takes the position of private secretary to Sir Reginald Falconer, owner of Windlestraws. Immediately she finds herself in a world, exquisite and strange, but full of suffering and confusion. Sir Reginald's wife is beautiful and fascinating as only women in books or on the screen can be. All men adore, even including her cousin, Ian, who could neither take her nor leave her alone. Jean wrote her employer's parliamentary speeches, and he rewarded her by trying to compromise her. But Jean's virtue and determination triumphed. After a good deal of turmoil, absorbing enough to read about but scarcely convincing, she rescued Ian from the toils of Circe. The story is interesting for those who like romanticized problem novels, but it lacks substance. Miss Bottome is most successful in creating and transmitting emotion.

New Worlds to Conquer (Bobbs, Merrill $5). Richard Halliburton, a young man who has mastered the art of self-advertisement if not the art of good writing, tells, in flourishing, sticky prose, of his adventures in Central and South America and on the islands of the South Atlantic. He played Robinson Crusoe on Crusoe's own island, and was photographed in goat-skins. He swam the Panama Canal and the locks opened to let him pass. He followed Cortez' trail in Mexico and Pizarro's in Peru. With more audacity than tact he jumped into the Maya's sacrificial well. On Devil's Island he made friends with some of the convicts, and his description of their life is the best part of his book. And he was photographed in a convict suit. He has plenty of courage, has Mr. Halliburton, and also a quality which, besides his supreme gift for publicity, endears him to many readers. When he thinks about a foreign land he remembers what he, as a small boy, would have wanted to do there. Then he goes and does it.

3. Doubleday, Doran. Received too late for review in Outlook.

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Behind the Blurbs

WHEN WE FIRST lived in New York many years ago the storm of applause always roused by the playing of "Dixie" in restaurants and theatres convinced us that at least ninety per cent of the inhabitants were Southerners. Later we met New Englanders, Middle and Far Westerners, Canadians, Finns, New Zealanders and Hindus, and changed our mind. But a recently reported episode, if true, lends color to our early conviction. A certain Fifth Avenue bookstore, we are told, doesn't carry Taylor Gordon's *Born to Be,* because it is by a negro. We don't vouch for the truth of this, but if you want to find out, we dare you to walk past that store whistling "Marching Through Georgia." You'll find out darn quick. ☘ ☘ ☘ Josef W. Hall dictated the first chapters of *Eminent Asians* to his wife while driving 50 miles an hour on the way to California in his motor. Our sympathy goes out to Mrs. Hall. Our dictation when driving would read something like this: "We understand that the—blasted imbecile! Ought to have his license suspended for that—Book of the—missing again, dammit!—Month Club has chosen W. R. Burnett's—Keep *over,* you jackass!—*Iron Man* as its January selection. The book is—by cripes, a woman driver! Wouldn't you know it! —about a prizefighter and—look out, you fool, you'll have us in the ditch—and the publisher says—Oh, what are you trying to do: hide some naval manoeuvers with that smoke screen?—it is a veritable epic of—another road hog! By gosh there must be a road hog's convention around here somewhere—the ring." ☘ ☘ ☘ *Dewer Rides* by L. A. G. Strong, the third of Boni's Paper Books, is a story of Dartmoor and its people, a somewhat Hardyesque novel of the soil, but without the insistence on misery, grave yards, sin, brutality and suicide that such stories usually go in for in the effort to be "strong." It follows the pattern, of course, in making the soil a dark brooding presence which is responsible for the tragedy of the lives of those who live on it. We wonder how many Back to the Farm impulses have been checked by reading such books. In America, fortunately, there doesn't seem to be so much of this gloom and despair in the soil. Our farm problem seems already to be causing enough despair.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

The Proper Study of Mankind

As Indicated by Recent Books

MAN HIMSELF, of course, is still regarded as a fruitful source of information on the subject, and is consulted to an extent which Pope could hardly have dreamed of when he published his advice. Psychologists, physiologists, economists, sociologists, moralists, anthropologists, and specialists of many other varieties, are forever prying into him from one point of view or another, and at different stages of his development.

And now our cousins the apes are coming into a fairer share of attention for the contributions they can make to our knowledge of man, as the Institute of Human Relations at Yale plans a program for studying them in their natural surroundings in Africa and Malaysia, and in a 200-acre laboratory in Florida, as well as in the Primate Laboratory at New Haven. This program is under the general supervision of Professor Robert M. Yerkes, who began the work in comparative psychobiology at Yale five years ago. In preparation for these ambitious plans Dr. Yerkes and his wife have "catalogued, digested, abstracted, and, as necessary, translated the literature of anthropoid life," and have made out of it a magnificent encyclopaedia. *The Great Apes* (Yale University Press) is a book any of us may consult not only with confidence but with understanding and satisfaction and immense admiration.

To speak first of an exceedingly rare merit, this book is punctuated as though punctuation were really a handmaiden of composition, whose function is to help in the expression of thought, instead of—as most modern printed matter suggests—a handful of characters to be scattered around among words, preferably where they will trip up the reader and impede his comprehension. I suspect that the punctuation as well as the index, is "author-made." As for matter—an amateur in this field can only testify that wherever he opens the book he finds such fascinating reading that it requires self-restraint not to go on to the end. Any one interested in man will appreciate this opportunity to make acquaintance with gibbon, orangoutan, gorilla ("creature of mystery"), and "that remarkable primate," the chimpanzee, which, "were it capable of speech and amenable to domestication, . . . might quickly come into competition with low-grade manual labor in human industry."

Another book of encyclopaedic character is *The Evolution of Earth and Man* (Yale University Press), edited by George Alfred Baitsell, professor of biology in Yale University. Ten distinguished scientists present what is known ("The material in this volume is factual, not controversial . . .") about the origin of the earth and of life on the earth, the natural history of man, the evolution of his nervous system, his intelligence, his social relations, and the influence of climate on his progress; and in the closing chapters Edwin Grant Conklin reviews the trend of evolution as it might appear to watchers from Olympus, and Wesley R. Coe explains the physical mechanism by means of which evolutionary changes take place.

If comparison is suggested with the astronomer's account of *The Universe Around Us* (by Sir James Jeans; Macmillan) or the physicist's speculations on *The Nature of the Physical World* (A. S. Eddington; Macmillan), this contribution to a synthesis of modern knowledge has both the advantages and the disadvantages of a symposium.

Are We Civilized? by Robert H. Lowie, (Harcourt, Brace) professor of anthropology in the University of California is described in the subtitle as "Human Culture in Perspective." It is not, however, a systematic chronological account of what men have learned from one another, which is Professor Lowie's definition of culture. It is a catalogue of customs, collected from peoples scattered over the world and over the centuries, and classified under such headings as food, housing, dress, sex and marriage, the family, education, hygiene and medicine. They are so juxtaposed as to suggest that the right answer to the title is "No! No!! No!!!" and to support the author's position that history and accidents of association are more reliable explanations of differences in culture than are natural environment (which "decrees that such and such things shall *not* be, and that such others *may* be, but does not dictate what *must* be") or inborn mental differences between races (which can not be proved).

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

SINCLAIR LEWIS to the contrary notwithstanding, Babbitry is not limited to Main Street or even the United States. In the leading article of the next issue, "Europe's Babbitry," Nathaniel Peffer, author of *The White Man's Dilemma*, compares the European and native varieties.

MUCH PUBLICITY has attended the various announcements of tax reductions made during recent Republican administrations. It now appears that the alleged reduction of over a billion dollars is somewhat ethereal. In "Humbugging the Taxpayer" William Pickett Helm, a former Washington correspondent, explains how an examination of the official record of tax collections reveals an increase of $653,000,000 since 1923.

NOW THAT THE ladies have definitely adopted the new fashions there seems reason to expect a new style in dancing. In "Long Skirts and the Waltz" Louis H. Chalif, founder of the Chalif Russian School of Dancing, explains the definite relation existing between clothes and the dance. Although Mr. Chalif expects the new dance to be more dignified and aesthetic, he fears one eventuality. If the ladies submit to corsets again, it might lead back to simple, standardized steps "because women would *no longer* be pliant and easy to lead." The italics are ours. Frankly we do not know whether this is irony or news.

IN SPITE OF Mrs. Eddy's troubles Christian Science continued to spread. Her address to the annual meeting of the National Association at Chicago in 1888 was the signal for a demonstration which definitely established her power in the West. In the ninth installment of "According to the Flesh" Mrs. Springer discloses the reasons which finally led Mrs. Eddy to abolish the Massachusetts Metaphysical College and the Boston Church.

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

AS A RULE, foreign dramatic masterpieces—particularly those from the Russian—convey to the uninitiated American an aura of gloom, suicide, depression and general intellectual unhealthiness, as Anglo-Saxons understand the term. They convey a picture of life, but what a life!

In general, this was one of the things which made many people dubious of the possible success which might attend Miss Eva LeGallienne's Civic Repertory enterprise, when she took the old Fourteenth Street Theatre in New York several years ago. High royalties excluded from the consideration of such a repertory company most English and American dramatists, and made necessary a too great reliance upon Continental playwrights past and present.

It was a difficulty, of course, which the courageous Miss LeGallienne has long since proved not unsurmountable—her enterprise is now among the most interesting and artistically successful in Manhattan. But that has been because the constant improvement in her company has made the presentation of foreign plays vital and living—if we except *Peter Pan*—and not because she has found a way to include English and American drama. A brief glance at her successful presentations makes this clear, the list including: *The Cherry Orchard, The Master Builder, The Three Sisters, Hedda Gabler, La Locandiera, The Good Hope,* and *The Living Corpse.*

ONCE GRANTED, however, that this is the bill of fare at the Civic Repertory, it becomes one of the few theatres in New York to which a pilgrimage may be made with the assurance that the goods will be as advertised—and better. The genuine spirit of art, neither Americanized, nor guessed at, nor commercialized, pervades Miss LeGallienne's ancient playhouse. It is possible that the highbrows of the metropolis have made possible her audiences—but they don't look it. Genuine appreciation and enjoyment by ordinary theatre-goers is visible these nights in the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

One of her present plays in particular, Anton Chekov's *The Sea Gull,* all writers and artists, specifically, should see, as well as all those interested in life and character. For, lacking as the drama does, unification of theme and action, it, nevertheless, presents a rare and incisive dissection of the artistic mind with its penchant for fantasy, its substitution of the picture for the reality, and the frustration of life inevitably consequent.

As readers may remember, all four leading characters are artists—a famous novelist, a temperamental actress, a young writer and a young actress. Russian, of course, their expression of their moods and ideas rises to heights and descends to depths which, when read, seem a trifle exaggerated in modern America, where such things are soft-pedaled when they are not completely driven under. But on the stage, heightened by excellent acting and stage settings, they create an unforgetable impression of the hidden swirl of human emotions running deep beneath the casual actions of daily life.

POSSIBLY MISNAMED—for the title of *The Sea Gull* concentrates attention unduly upon the young actress, who falls in love with the great novelist, only to be destroyed because to him she is merely a "subject for a short story"—possibly misnamed, nevertheless, here is character drawing which rises to the height of genius, particularly in the doctor who has taken and enjoyed life as he found it, and so remains untouched by the complex whirlpools which forever suck at the rest.

To see *The Sea Gull* is to know precisely what is meant by "a slice of life"—that difficult literary or dramatic achievement in which polemic writers, whether ethically prompted or fanatically urged, can never succeed. *The Sea Gull* proves nothing. It reveals.

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
- Many Waters
- Strictly Dishonorable
- Sweet Adeline
- Bird in Hand
- Journey's End
- Little Show
- Street Scene
- It's a Wise Child
- Berkeley Square
- Fifty Million Frenchmen
- Sons o' Guns

WE FOUND ENTERTAINING:
- Gambling
- Silver Swan
- Heads Up
- Sketch Book
- Follow Thru
- Candle Light
- June Moon
- Veneer
- Game of Love and Death

WE CAN'T RECOMMEND:
- Jenny
- How's Your Health
- Street Singer
- Criminal Code
- A Wonderful Night
- Mendel Inc.
- Young Sinners
- Salt Water

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

Retrospect

A SUMMARY of screen activities for the last half of 1929 discloses that the old, black and white silent movie is about to be joined in its relative oblivion by the old, black and white talking movie; that color processes have developed in economy and practicability to the point where we are likely to see them every time we enter a movie theatre; that presently the one-dimension picture, without true perspective will be a thing of the past, and a new process will take its place; that some of the stage talent imported from Broadway to Hollywood turned out to have been a waste of good railroad fare—and that William Fox borrowed considerable money during the period.

It also became more evident, each week, from June to December, that the business of criticizing motion pictures is not what it was. In the old days the average picture was so bad that the more aloof reviewer could have a little good clean fun with it and still assure himself that he was not being unduly ill natured, destructive or unfair. When a *Big Parade* or a *Covered Wagon* came along, the critic could avail himself of the opportunity created by contrast and cut loose with a panegyric or two, secure in the feeling that his values were reasonably true.

Now, however, the screen harbors one borderline picture after another. So efficient have production, casting and direction methods become in Hollywood that a thoroughly cheesy picture seldom finds its way into the larger centers or the better theatres. The plot may be old, the acting uninspired, the direction inept; but the sum total somehow manages to maintain a certain dead level that may be said to be the result of long, bitter experience. By the same token the big, "feature" pictures have suffered, by mass production and competition, until their efforts to outdo themselves and each other have been very, very bad for the artistic aspects of their being.

Only semi-occasionally nowadays does a real thrill transmit itself from a motion picture screen to a motion picture audience. And this, to our notion is not because the audience has gone world-weary, but because thrills are for the most part a question of artistry, and artistry is being more and more sacrificed to pure bulk.

As a case in point take *General Crack*, John Barrymore's first talkie, recently reviewed in these columns. Here we have an actor who has repeatedly been hailed as America's greatest, appearing for the first time on the screen accompanied by that voice that helped so materially to make him famous. Though his personal contribution to *General Crack* is a notable one, the picture is so blundering and cumbersome that one is conscious of relief when it's over, instead of the regret that comes at the end of any really good entertainment.

The movies can continue to maintain the artistic balance of the stage, by transporting bodily to the screen such pieces as *Disraeli;* but that they cannot hope to do so except with plays that have a compact and absorbing plot, as *Disraeli* has, or a George Arliss in the cast, has been painfully apparent in a large number of talkies. Generally speaking the rule has been that the stage play suffered a series of devitalizing experiences in reaching the screen that left it virtually lifeless. The answer lies in more intelligent adaptation, or in the creation of original stories for the talkies that shall have clarity, simplicity, dramatic value and—lastly and of greatest importance—pictorial value; that shall lack confusion, pretentiousness, disproportionate closeups and groupings and static situations.

With the money and brains that the movies are now attracting, one hopes that this, the dullest period in their history, will pass into limbo before this time next year. The money will, perhaps, accomplish a release from the present necessity for making ten poor pictures instead of two good ones; the brains will be of value in discovering that movie audiences are not 100 per cent moronic, as for many years they have been supposed to be—that they can not only assimilate artistic productions, but will shell out with astonishing regularity to see them. When these ideas dawn on Hollywood, all will be well.

Now Showing

Disraeli: George Arliss in an exact reproduction of his great stage success.

The Trespasser: Gloria Swanson is personable in this spotty melodrama which is mostly second rate. Best for Swanson fans.

Condemned: Ronald Colman plays it and Sidney Howard wrote it; but it's no **Bulldog Drummond.**

The Show of Shows: 77 stars, including John Barrymore, Beatrice Lillie and Frank Fay. We don't like big revues on the screen.

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Mrs. Eddy

The Biography of a Virginal Mind

By

Edwin Franden Dakin

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August 29th, 1928
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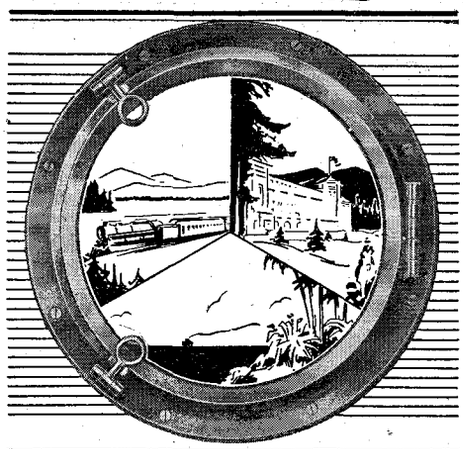
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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EVA R. DIXON *Director*

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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

WE HAVE found in the past that a good deal of our Christmas shopping has to be done after Christmas. We mean that we wake up Christmas morning and find that Cousin Effie has sent us a beautiful overstuffed copy of Mrs. Hemans' poetry, or that Uncle Ishmael has bestowed upon us a chromium plated modernistic corned-beef-and-cabbage set, and we haven't sent them a darn thing! All Christmas Day is poisoned for us by the thought that on the following day we must rush out and buy presents for these two, whom we had somehow neglected to put on our list. We must choose the presents, and buy them, and wrap them up, and mark them "Rush!" and "Special Handling," and put on Special Delivery stamps, and then hope that the postmarks will be indistinguishable, so that it won't be possible to tell that they weren't mailed until after Christmas.

An easy way to get round this is to adopt the foreign custom and announce that you give New Year's presents instead of Christmas presents, as you think New Year's is a so much more appropriate time. That gives you a chance to have all your presents appraised and figure just how much you'll have to spend on each one. Or you can write to the forgotten members of the family and explain that you've been ill and unable to do your Christmas shopping until after Christmas. Of course that won't work more than two years in succession. Or, if you're just thoroughly dishonest, you can disregard the "Do not open until Christmas" labels, and peek at your gifts beforehand.

But even then, there are always a few that you've forgotten, somehow or other. We believe that some enterprising shopkeeper could do a big business with this post-Christmas gift trade, if he would supplement in his advertising a standard list of gifts with a statement to the effect that you could phone or call on Christmas Day, and that any of the gifts would be mailed out immediately, marked "Shipped December 20th."

We don't suppose we ought to write about this, since we haven't really any constructive suggestions to offer. It's not only a thankless job, it's a silly one, to call attention to ills that can't be remedied. But actually, what we started out to say was something quite different. (You may have noticed that we frequently run off the track in this way.) What we meant to tell you was that we are offering a new service,—one which taking into consideration all the factors—your income, degree of consanguinity of recipient, value of recipient's former gifts to you, etc.—will advise you just how much you should spend on each gift. If, for instance, your wife's second cousin, who is a policeman, gave you last year a box of 50 cigars worth (in the store) $2.25, and your income is $8000, our charts show that you should spend on him this year $4.88. And so on. We have worked it out to the remotest detail. Our schedule covers 95 typewritten pages. So write to us. The service is free. Your troubles are ours. You know it's the thought behind the gift that counts, and we do the thinking for you.

THERE'S A walking stick that is also a cigarette case. You load it through a little silver affair in the handle, just as you load a repeating rifle, and it holds twenty coffin nails. Another stick has a lighter in the top, and still another contains a yardstick. And there is a folding malacca stick with an ostrich skin crook handle which packs neatly, in five pieces, in an ostrich case.

THE ZIPPER UMBRELLA is of colored or black silk with a matching leather zipper case and a matching handle. Very smart too, we understand, is the large passport-size handbag, within which, secured by two bands, folds a very small matching silk umbrella.

FRIEZE CARPETINGS are, they tell us, new. Obtainable in three widths: 27 inches, 9 feet and 12 feet. Will stand lots of good hard wear. Come in brilliant designs.

WE'VE SEEN a rear vision mirror for your car, in which is set a small eight-day clock. This was new to us, and seems a practical combination. The combined rear vision mirror and searchlight, easily attached to any car, is not so new, but is very useful.

SPEAKING OF CLOCKS, a pleasant one is the small grandfather's clock, 11¾ inches high. And there's a pocket alarm watch, which should be helpful in reminding you of engagements or regulating your midday siesta. And Cartier shows a wrist watch with three protected dials—one each for hour, minute and second hands.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Seeing Santa Claus

THE NEWSPAPERS were telling all about it. And the flaming posters in the big store bore out the stories of the newspapers, until even the grown people stopped and stared and thought to themselves, (some of them) . . . yes, I suppose even Santa Claus . . . without finishing the thought.

For Santa Claus was about to visit them. He would come flying through the sky, so the posters promised—by airplane of course, the only way for a sensible person to fly nowadays—and at the precise moment of reaching that spot of heaven which shone above their town, Santa Claus would descend; not by way of any common chimney filled with soot, but sailing through the air under a wide-spread modern parachute.

The town was full of children. Most of them had lain awake in other Decembers and thought about Santa Claus. Was he real, or wasn't he real? It didn't really matter much. They had only to close their eyes and let the blackness press upon their burning lids, and they could see—

First the reindeer—eyes fixed and shining, great branches of horns silhouetted against a spangled sky, light hoofs galloping swiftly over the frosty track of heaven—the beautiful reindeer!

Next, the sleigh, hung with bells and fashioned of a steel so fine and feathery that one could easily see through it. And snug and warm within that feather of a sleigh would be Santa Claus, a whip of silver in his hand, a smile of mystery upon his face, stars falling from the tassel on his cape.

But now—on a bright day in the city's park with the sun shining and the band playing they were to look at Santa Claus with open eyes. *But what had he done with the reindeer?* Santa Claus would come sailing in an airplane! —*but what had become of the reindeer?*

The day of days arrived at last, clear and cold, full of sunshine and of wind. The children set out for the city's park—in tens and hundreds and thousands—to wait the arrival of Santa Claus.

The wind, the wind! It rattled the trees and tickled the necks of the children and swooped through the streets and dashed back again into the sky as excited as a great Newfoundland puppy. It was the very wind that would be blowing Santa Claus into their midst. The children crowded closer in the park, and unafraid of the wind lifted their little chins and stared at the sky. High above the trees, far beyond the river that circled the town—a speck appeared.

A speck—a dot—a bird? No, surely it was not a bird, it was an airship! It was Santa Claus.

It was no wonder that Santa Claus had chosen the newer means of travel. Nothing could have been so dependable as the practised airship. It skimmed towards them from the distance like an arrow, cleared the tossing river, circled the park, and hovered at last above a wide stretch of winter grass, in plain sight of all the gaping mouths that shouted and shouted at the sky.

In plain sight, against the great expanse of blue, appeared the form of Santa Claus. For all that distance, for all that he was but a tiny speck of red and white, there was not a child that did not know him on the instant. And before their eyes he leapt. Slowly, the great parachute unfurled. But what had happened? What was happening to Santa Claus?

The shouts of the children shifted suddenly into cries of dismay—into screams of anguish. The wind—the wind! The wind had caught up Santa Claus and was carrying him out to sea. Above the river hung the belying parachute, till with a haw! haw! haw! the wind dropped suddenly upon the water. And Santa Claus dropped with him.

Like a forest of shrieking leaves driven by winter, the children followed to the water's edge—the children, and the grown ones, and the mounted police as well. Into the icy river dashed the mounted police, but it was Santa Claus that struggled in that bitter current. It was Santa Claus that must be saved: And it was a steed that saved him. A four-footed, faithful animal, not unlike his own reindeer, but carrying a policeman on its back. Together they reached the struggling saint and towed him back to shore.

The children all were silent now, their thousands of little hearts beating painfully from relief, their awestruck eyes following the prostrate form of Santa Claus as he was carried out of sight to warmth and shelter.

But late that evening, those that hung about the radio caught a strange message, broadcast by a husky, thankful voice.

"I just want to say," said Santa Claus earnestly, "that I've decided to go back to those reindeer."

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The Ghost of Phineas Quimby

(Continued from Page 665)

friendly. But it is only from such sources that these stories could be expected to come.

In the New York *World,* Oct. 30, 1906, a childhood acquaintance of Mrs. Eddy's—Mrs. Philbrook, wife of a Methodist clergyman, is quoted as saying:

"I knew Mary Baker from the time she was fourteen. I knew of John Varney's being sent for to keep her from harming herself during her hysteria after taking morphine. It made her crazy. I myself have gone to get the Lang boy to rock Mary Baker."

The same issue of the *World* quotes Mrs. Miranda Rice, an intimate friend and close student of Mrs. Eddy's for ten years, and one of the early group in Lynn which resigned in a body in 1882. Mrs. Rice had often been called during those years to treat Mrs. Eddy for her midnight attacks. The *World* quotes her as follows:

"I know that Mrs. Eddy was addicted to morphine in the seventies. She begged me to get some for her. She sent her husband Mr. Eddy for some, and when he failed to get it went herself and got it. She locked herself into her room and for two days excluded every one. She was a slave to morphine."

An intimation is made that from the time he entered her employ, Calvin Frye procured morphine for Mrs. Eddy. In a first person interview, (New York *World,* May 12, 1907) Mrs. Eddy's adopted son, J. Foster-Eddy, tells of a night at Pleasant View when Frye obtained a morphine tablet from him (he had been using the tablets for his own neuralgia!) and, his curiosity aroused, he followed Frye to Mrs. Eddy's room and saw him "force the tablet into her mouth and hold her firmly down among the pillows."

There is no disposition on the part of this biographer to repeat such tales with their highly colored implications merely for the sake of repetition. And certainly they are not needed to add variety to a record already overloaded with melodramatic themes. The evidence of Mrs. Eddy's use of morphine is not offered as evidence against her. It is offered in her defense. Although the tales of her drug taking have been continually repeated, no one has suggested that it might explain or at least serve to palliate much that has been merely held against her as a personality.

It is clear that in her youth Mrs. Eddy's malady was not understood by the doctors who attended her. At that time in New England doctors resorted to morphine for quieting a patient's pain with what now seems to us appalling frequency. It was also used freely in patent medicines, and even the "soothing syrups," in popular use for children, were no more than disguised narcotics. Many innocent drug addicts were made in those days. If it were true that Mrs. Eddy struggled all her life against the habit, established in her youth, of taking morphine to combat the pain she feared, it would lift her temperamental instabilities into the realm of tragedy. Her sudden rages, her hysterias, delusions, irrational accusations against her most valued friends, might thus be in some measure at least explained.

When in 1885 the reports of Mrs. Eddy's use of morphine had gained currency, she published this statement in the *Journal.* (Reprinted in *Miscellaneous Writings,* page 248.)

"The opium falsehood has only this to it: Many years ago my regular physician prescribed morphine, which I took, when he could do no more for me. Afterwards, the glorious revelations of Christian Science saved me from that necessity and made me well, since which time I have not taken drugs, with the following exception: When the mental malpractice of poisoning people was first undertaken by a mesmerist, to test that malpractice I experimented by taking some large doses of morphine, to see if Christian Science could not obviate its effect; and I say with tearful thanks, 'The drug had no effect upon me whatever.' The hour has struck,—'If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.' . . . I have neither purchased nor ordered a drug since my residence in Boston; and to my knowledge, not one has been sent to my house, unless it was something to remove stains or vermin."

Many references to opiates and to "morphia" in Mrs. Eddy's works reveal a curious tendency to speak more gently of it than of other devices of mortal mind. For example, in the current edition of *Science and Health,* page 464:

"If from an injury or from any cause, a Christian Scientist were seized with pain so violent that he could not treat himself mentally,—and the Scientists had failed to relieve him,—the sufferer could call a surgeon, who would give him a hypodermic injection, then, when the relief of pain was lulled, he could handle his own case mentally."

(To Be Continued)

Leader of the Status Quo

(Continued from Page 651)

ing the discussion of the resolution censuring the Senator from Yankeeland. "I feel sorry for him from the bottom of my heart," said Reed of his slightly supercilious friend. Nor can it be denied that his wit is, in most instances, barbed with truth. For that reason his tongue cuts his colleagues, provokes retaliation and makes enemies.

Yet it is difficult to dislike him. Though he has few close friends, it is from choice. His daily companions are men of his own sort—Bingham, the multi-millionaire, Senator Phipps from Colorado, Assistant Secretary of State Castle of Honolulu and Harvard, and ex-Senator Wadsworth, as fine a Tory as ever served in the Senate. With the elderly Phipps Reed recently bought an expensive speed boat, and the two spend many week-ends fishing and duck-hunting on the lower reaches of the Potomac River. There and on the rifle range, where he lately made a score of 145 out of a possible 150, Reed displays a hair-trigger deftness. He is of but not in society. Though he moves in the Capital's best social circles when he wishes, he prefers his evenings at home with Mrs. Reed, who was Miss Adele Wilcox of New York. It is probable that he needs many hours of relaxation given to reading and conversation, for he is a fiercely nervous type; Pepper once described him as "always at concert pitch."

Even the sourest insurgents refer to him, pleasantly for them, as "that little devil." Those few whose minds match his in agility and capacity—Borah, Johnson, Norris and Walsh of Montana—may sympathize with and sometimes share his intolerance toward the many slow-witted and demagogic figures in the Senate. Norris himself does not exceed the Pennsylvanian in stubbornness—sometimes an admirable quality in American politics. When Calvin Coolidge mustered the House of Mellon to influence Reed to change his vote in favor of the postal pay increase, and thereby sustain the economical veto, the Senator flatly declined. When Hoover urged him to permit repeal of the national origins provision, Reed informed the President that he, too, had taken an oath. Twice he had rung down the curtain on Senate sessions with dramatic filibusters—one to block repeal of national origins, the other to prevent an investigation of the "slush fund" primary during the summer vacation. Though Harrison taunted

(Please Turn to Page 678)

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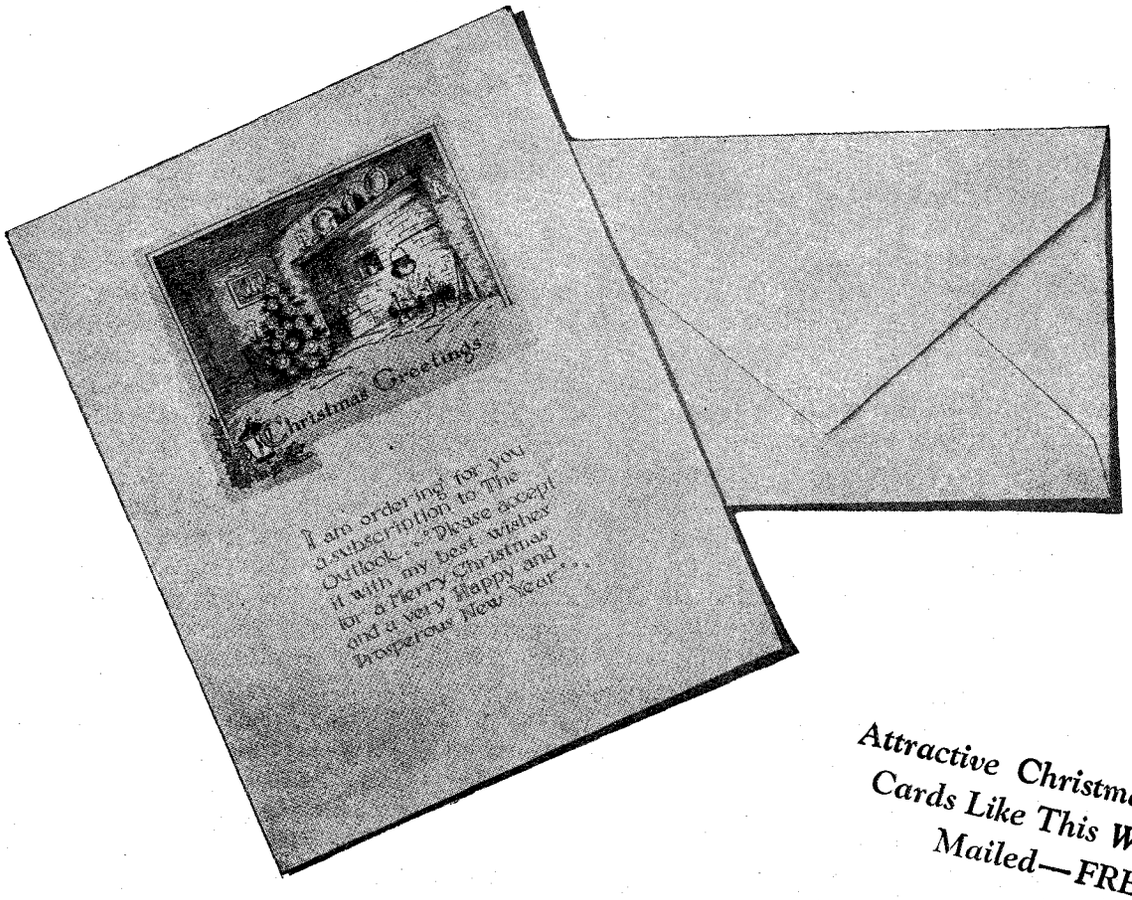
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Leader of the Status Quo

(Continued from Page 676)

him as a "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Knight of the Corrupt and Closed Ballot Box," these savage flings did not budge him. His arms folded and a slight sneer on his thin face, Reed played his part to the drop of the gavel.

It was during the debate on the Vare inquiry that "Jim" Reed of Missouri, cousin to "Dave," displayed qualities which the Pennsylvania member of the family must acquire if he is to become a statesman instead of simply a clever lawyer in politics and a special pleader for Pennsylvania. Whereas "Dave" argued that, despite Vare's excessive and illegal expenditures, the Senate could scrutinize only his qualifications of age, residence, citizenship, etc., Cousin "Jim," with a fine show of poetical imagination and statesmanlike vision, told what the ballot means—outside Pennsylvania.

"Through the ages," declared "Jim" in eloquent tones as "Dave" sat twiddling his horn-rimmed spectacles with an air of boredom, "men have struggled over the right to the ballot, armies have marched and counter-marched across the face of the world to gain the boon of liberty. For it men have lain behind prison walls until brown locks turned to gray and rotted on their brows. To gain liberty for us our fathers rallied to the standard of revolution and they fought through the toils of the wilderness, the ice of winter, in starvation, and through despair. They fought on and on until at last they established the right to vote. He who will lay unholy hands upon that privilege is worse than an anarchist. He is worse than any traitor who has ever sought to betray his country."

When "Dave," mellowed by age or adversity, can address the Senate with Cousin "Jim's" eloquence and emotion, and feel it—mean it—he will be on his way to become a great Senator, and all Pennsylvania's faults will be forgiven him.

Our Lady Censors

(Continued from Page 647)

censor soothers who rush about the country condoning, yessing and coaxing censors and club ladies who need soothing. One such gentleman is really a genius at this sort of thing. Elderly, graying at the temples, distinctly distinguished in appearance, he is a retired actor of some twenty-five years' experience. He speaks in a sonorous, commanding voice. When a small town exhibitor wires frantically to the home office that his local club ladies are in a perfect froth about the terribleness of the movies, this gentleman suddenly appears before them, and with all the eloquence of the old Shakespearian school informs them that the talkies are not terrible at all but are, in fact, carrying on the white man's burden. "Finally," he confides, "I quote the Immortal Bard of Avon and—that usually brings 'em around!"

Undoubtedly, the majority of these feminine protests are quite sincere, and the actual changes which result are individually not so vital, but it cannot be said that, as a whole, their efforts seem to promise much for the future mentality and maturity of the movies.

Special children's showings have never been much of a success—the very term "children's performance" inspires rebellion in all but the smallest. Even Billy, aged twelve, suspects he is being gypped when packed off to a "kids" show, so the women's clubs feel that the only way to keep Billy and Susie from learning the facts of life too soon is to see that only love and kisses of the right sort get made into celluloid.

Indignant, mature audiences watching movies invariably blame "Hollywood" when every relationship between men and women is blessed with a marriage certificate, even when it is most absurd, and they also blame Hollywood for the inevitably correct and resoundingly moral conclusion. The forces of evil are punished—slam, bang!—and the forces of right are arbitrarily hoisted into a commanding position, all in a few final seconds.

It may surprise some to know that nearly every film made in Hollywood has a "foreign, or uncut" version—in other words, a version not especially constructed for the kiddies. Frequently Hollywood will make a scene two, three or even four different ways, trying out these different versions on different censor boards. "A Pennsylvania version" is one which has been made with all the actors wrapped up in bunting and ear-muffs, while a "South American" negative is frankly hot.

To illustrate: When *Ben Hur* was made in Italy many years ago the scene of the Roman triumph was shot three times, once with the captured slaves draped in sheets—this for Philadelphia—another with these same slaves in loin cloths—this for New York, etc.—and a third with the slaves completely naked (as they actually would have been) for foreign countries.

At present an immense number of organized clubwomen are working to "protect" our children from the harmful influence of the movies. Some years ago this protection would undoubtedly have been from "immoral" influences. Not so today. Mrs. Thomas G. Winter of Minneapolis, former President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, who has just been selected by representatives of eleven national women's organizations to go to Hollywood "to interpret to the makers of motion pictures the feeling and wishes of womanhood in regard to that medium's development to its highest usefulness," does not feel that the movie menace is now a matter of immorality. She thinks that "banality, not immorality is the chief peril of the movies."

Mrs. Winter was chosen to go to Hollywood last September with the endorsement of a formidable array of organizations, chief among which are the League of American Penwomen, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Library Association, the National Endorsers of Photoplays, the American Association of University Women, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, and the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which also has a committee on motion pictures, formally endorsed her and asked her to "try to have the producers put out only the kind of pictures that would be pleasing to the Womanhood of America."

When one considers the vast number of suggestions for the betterment of the movies which these and the hundreds of smaller civic and religious bodies which they in turn represent, make to the producers and directors, one's respect for those distracted gentlemen mounts considerably. Further, one understands why the Will Hays office is paying Mrs. Winter a salary to go to Hollywood. If these varying organizations will really stay satisfied with one individual's opinions, the industry will be saved a lot of bother. Again, once Mrs. Winter has passed on a picture, all these organizations will forever after be expected to hold their peace on that film.

Just before leaving for the Coast, Mrs. Winter was quoted as saying: "I am not going to Hollywood to reform the movies. I am not going as a censor or a critic. I'll just make suggestions.

"There is no 'woman's viewpoint.' It is all tosh that women's minds are any different from men's. What men want in movies women also want.

"Their interests are pretty much the same, except that women are more practical than men and less dependent.

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Women are no more concerned with love than men. It's just as vital to the happiness of men as it is to women. Men can be successful without it, but not happy.

"I think movie producers until recently have underestimated the mass of people. I think that 'the common people' have more astuteness than the intelligentsia, who usually have a few pat formulas they think by and insist on judging everything accordingly.

"No classic has ever been a classic by anything but the taste of the common people. No work of art has ever been perpetuated by the judgment of highbrows."

Many will doubtless, dissent from Mrs. Winter's views, for many beautiful things have been supported by the despised "highbrows" and "intelligentsia." Some may feel, moreover, that the highbrow is not a person to be too utterly neglected even in the making of a movie show.

Dark Days for Bootleggers

(Continued from Page 653)

much to his customers either; few of whom ever get as far beyond the sporting pages of the papers as the financial reports. So Jerry is as well off now as he ever was, and his employees, two bartenders and a door-watcher, are secure in their jobs.

One more case I offer for the instruction and edification of the bootleggers, and others. Bridget Callahan and her husband had a small beer-saloon in a Long Island town when Prohibition came in. Shortly after that, Callahan died, and Mrs. Callahan, with the problem of raising her two sons, carried on by herself, establishing a fine liquor business. So well did she do, that she was able to send both of her sons to excellent schools, from which the elder matriculated at Princeton, and the younger at Harvard. The older boy is now a promising young attorney in New York, and the younger graduates from college this year. But Bridget never liked the stock market. It was too far away, for one thing, and she felt she didn't understand it well enough to trust her fortune to it, so she bought $300,000 worth of real estate, which has since gone up to about $500,000. And though, like all others who cater to the highest class of trade, she has since lost some of her business, she doesn't need to worry.

There remains one question: what are the bootleggers going to do about it all? I am afraid the answer is not very cheering. Some of them, of course, being honest men and anxious for their reputations, will try to worry along until matters improve themselves, but there is a definite feeling in the trade that, business having fallen off, a good many of the "boys" will try to make up the loss elsewhere,—in a word, by selling inferior stuff. One speakeasy operator says he is already having the devil's own time getting decent whiskey, because his wholesale supply men have been cutting their whiskey three or four ways instead of the usual two. "If the price of liquor goes down," he says, "then you may be sure the quality will go down with it."

For bootleggers are no more philanthropic than other businessmen. Or, to put it in the words of one of them: "We got to live, ain't we?"

With Our Readers

(Continued from Page 642)

homes of close personal friends, yet you defended him in this editorial for the same thing you condemned Senator Brookhart for in your issue of the 20th.

Furthermore your statement that these letters of Mr. House were made public by Dr. McClelland, Superintendent of the Kansas Anti-Saloon League was contrary to the fact. They were not made public by him either direct or indirect and for verification of this statement I refer you to the Daily Press of this State and also the Attorney General.

ALFRED M. LANDON

▸▸*Complaint from Canada*

Montreal

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

"The United States has tried to simplify its northern border problem by international agreement—but the Canadian government, which at the present moment is profiteering in drink, has consistently refused a decent co-operation. This, despite the fact that overwhelming majority opinion in Canada favors it." —Dr. Clarence True Wilson.

There is a perfect example of reckless and inaccurate statement of the over-enthusiastic partisan which makes one wonder if any of his statements can be received without question.

The governments of the provinces of Canada, with one exception, have attempted to regulate the sale and use of alcoholic liquors by government control. This has been done by majority opinion in the provinces after most of them have tried prohibition.

The Dominion government, which has charge of such matters, through its Customs department, after due consideration, has declined to refuse clearances of shipments of alcoholic liquors to ports in the United States. It has given what, in its best judgment, it considers good reasons for its action.

Dr. Wilson says that he is justified in believing that almost three-fourths of the people in the United States believe in prohibition. He feels that this is indicated by the Congressional elections which have steadily returned an increasing dry majority and that it approximates seventy-five per cent of the House and Senate membership today.

Using this same line of reasoning, if overwhelming majority opinion in Canada favors the co-operation suggested there must of necessity be an overwhelming majority of Canada's representatives in Parliament favoring such action.

Under those circumstances it would only be necessary for some member of the opposition to introduce a bill questioning the government's action. The passage of the bill would defeat the government, new elections would be held and the question would go to the people almost immediately.

Therefore, to follow Dr. Wilson's logic, as there has been no such action there is no such overwhelming majority opinion.

If Dr. Wilson hopes in time to create such an opinion, it is not tactful, to say the least, to question the decency of Canada's action or its motives because of profiteering in drink.

JOHN STIRLING

▸▸*Pro*

New York City

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Congratulations on the biography of Mrs. Eddy. The best "life" of the lady I have ever read. It should be of the greatest usefulness but probably those who need it most will be too timid to read it. And please don't give the church's press agents more space than you can help for their incoherent denials.

M. M. LEOPOLD

▸▸*Con*

Spartanburg, S. C.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I work in the public library here and read the Outlook regularly and often quote it and refer others to it.

I am writing to say how much I regret that you are publishing those articles on Mrs. Eddy; for I think they do her great injustice. And they are causing needless pain to a great many people.

Very truly yours,

P. K. BRICE

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